THE BOOKMAN

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NEWS NOTES.

With our first number we give an illustrated Stevenson supplement containing a poem by J. M. Barrie, and tributes from S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. These articles appeared in the English BOOKMAN for January, and are reprinted in order to present our readers with a fitting memorial of this universally beloved and lamented author.

❀

Miss Annie Payson Call, the well-known author of *Power Through Repose* and the companion volume, *A Matter of Course*, spent last summer in England, giving lessons in her special system of relaxation. She says that she was much surprised to find English women in the large centres suffering as severely from nervous tension as the American, and as eager for her teaching.

❀

Miss Sarah H. Adams, the sister of Mrs. James T. Fields, and the translator of Grimm's *Literature*, which appeared in 1886, has returned to Boston after a residence of eighteen years in Germany. Miss Adams was well known in German literary society.

❀

Copeland and Day have in their possession twenty-one proofs of William Blake's famous *Inventions of Job*, which were discovered in an old country house in England not long ago. There are already on permanent exhibition twenty-four original water-colours of Blake in the Boston Art Museum, nine illustrating *Paradise Lost*, seven scriptural scenes, and eight from the *Masque of Comus*. Boston counts among its citizens a number of Blake lovers and private owners of his water-colours, notably the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden has been reading *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and says that there are certain parts of the book with which she is delighted, and where one is so carried along by its beautiful humanity that one does not feel the dialect. "I think 'A Scholar's Funeral' is simply a gem; and I do not remember reading anything more pathetic than 'His Mother's Sermon,' or, indeed, 'His Bitter Shame.' Throughout the book the touches of humour are irresistible."

❀

Miss Harraden is rather amused at a dramatised version of *Ships* which is perambulating the Western boards. On the eve of writing, the play was to appear in San Diego. "I cannot imagine what they have found to dramatise," she writes, "and so go to learn."

❀

The next novel by the Hon. Emily Lawless, author of *Grania* and *Maelcho*, will appear in the *Illustrated London News*.

❀

Nathan Haskell Dole, who writes the Boston Letter for *Book News*, and who is best known as the translator of Tolstoï's works in this country, has done two or three German novels and a collection of Italian stories into English, which are in publishers' hands. He is at present occupied in translating still another German romance which he considers one of the finest he has yet found in modern German fiction. It is not generally known that Mr. Dole is a large contributor to Russian magazines; indeed, his poetry is better known in Russian literary circles than that of his contemporaries.

❀

Mr. Dole's connection with Russian language and literature is likely to place him in the seat of honour which Harvard men contemplate establishing at their College. A Russian prince who

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lectured before the students last year has been spoken of as a probable candidate for the professorship; but Mr. Dole, who is a graduate of Harvard ('74), finds more favour in their eyes.

❀

We notice that Professor Bryce's *American Commonwealth* has fallen under the censor's ban in Russia, where its sale is prohibited.

❀

Lucas Malet's new novel will not be published until late in the year—probably not before the spring of 1896. After putting the manuscript in the publishers' hands, Mrs. Harrison left England to pass the winter in India, where she and her sister are now resident at Bombay. During a two weeks' visit to Ceylon recently they received great attention, owing to the kindness of the governor.

❀

"Lucas Malet" is the wife of the Rev. William Harrison, of Clovelly, North Devon, and is the second daughter of Charles Kingsley. When *The Wages of Sin* appeared about five years ago it created a strong impression, which naturally aroused expectation, but after writing this powerful story Mrs. Harrison fell ill, and has only recently recovered.

❀

Roberts Brothers announce for immediate publication two new volumes of Miss Wormeley's translations from Molière; Professor Harnack's *History of Dogma;* and Volumes IV. and V. of Renan's *History of the People of Israel.* Also a new novel by Louis Pendleton, author of *The Wedding Garment*, entitled *The Sons of Ham*, a tale of the New South, and two new volumes in the Keynotes Series: *Prince Zaleski*, by M. P. Shiel, and *The Woman Who Did*, by Grant Allen.

❀

The Sons of Ham raises the vexed problem of negro emancipation, and as the author's conclusion is extremely radical—nothing less, in short, than to ship the remainder back to Liberia—some red-hot criticism may be expected.

❀

Mr. Selwyn Image, whose *Poems and Carols* have been attracting so much attention lately, is better known as a decorative artist, whose windows and frescoes and other decorative work have never yet received their due praise. He is another instance of an artist who was intended for the Church, but whose artistic leanings proved too strong for his Oxford environment eventually.

❀

Mr. Image was one of the chief contributors to that periodical extraordinary, the *Hobby Horse*, in which many of his poems first appeared; his drawings in the "Fitzroy Picture Society's" series of coloured cartoons for schools are well known, and he designed for Messrs. Macmillan what is perhaps the most beautiful fount of Greek type that has been cast in our time, a full account of which is given in the current number of the *Hobby Horse*, issued by Copeland and Day, Boston.

❀

A new quarterly with an interesting purpose is *Le Magazine International.* It is the organ of the Societé Internationale Artistique, whose committee is drawn from the principal European countries. Mr. Havelock Ellis is the English representative. Its motto is Goethe's sentiment that a national literature has no great sense to-day, the time for the universal literature being at hand. To establish a bond between artists of all countries, "whose works contribute in a large degree to the evolution of modern life," is its aim. Dramatic representations, concerts, picture exhibitions, lectures, all of an international colour, come into the programme of the society.

❀

The fact that the Baroness von Suttner, the authoress of the Peace novel *Waffen Nieder*, is an active member of this society, links its objects with those of the various Peace societies of Europe. The magazine is largely made up of translations from English and German modern writers, in whose work the note of "universality" is sounded. Walt Whitman, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Arthur Symons (by his *Stella Maris* from the *Yellow Book*), represent the British contribution. The office of this new quarterly is 3, Place Wagram, Paris.

❀

Some three years ago Mr. Joseph F. Loubat, of Paris, founded two quinquennial prizes, one of $1000 and one of $400 to be awarded every fifth year to the authors of the best works on the history, geography, archæology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North

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America, within the period mentioned. This competition is open to any person, without distinction of nationality, provided that the works in question be written in the English language. The first award was made in 1893 to Mr. Henry Adams for his *History of the United States*. The next award will be announced in 1898, and will be restricted to works written in the field of archæology, ethnology, and philology. The committee of award for the period ending December, 1898, is composed of Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College (Chairman); Professor Daniel G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Henry Adams. The conditions of the competition may be learned by addressing either of these gentlemen.

❀

M. Crosnier de Varigny, whose book, *The Women of the United States*, is soon to appear in English, was for nearly twelve years a resident of this country, and since his return to France has been a regular contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Temps*. The latter journal is now publishing a series of papers by him on American life, entitled *La Vie Outre-Mer*.

❀

In the preface to the third edition of *The Brontës in Ireland*, Dr. William Wright sums up the additional information he has received from correspondents in Ireland. "The dispersed of the Boyne Brontës have been traced [to Lough Earne], and their name is 'Prunty.' But," says Dr. Wright, "the form 'Prunty' raises no difficulty whatever to any one acquainted with the marvellous transformations which names undergo in illiterate parts of Ireland; but the use of the name at Lough Earne may have led to its conjectural application to the County Down branch of the family." A Welsh relative has sent a story of James Brontë, uncle of the novelists, who disguised himself and played the gipsy fortune-teller with much success among his neighbours, thus supplying Charlotte with a well-known incident in *Jane Eyre*.

❀

Americans who have been in residence at Oxford or Cambridge will learn with great interest that these Universities have now decided to provide for the needs of graduates of foreign institutions, by establishing graduate courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science. A residence of three years will be required. The details of the scheme have not yet been announced, but will be published soon. This step is certain to be received with especial pleasure by students of literature, who, apart from the facilities for research afforded at the two great Universities, have always found a special inspiration in the associations that cluster so thickly about the beautiful colleges on the Isis and the Cam.

❀

We understand that the summary of the literature of 1894 (which has attracted the attention of "A Philistine" in his *Westminster Gazette* articles on the "New Logrolling," and of other critics) was written, as in the previous year, by Mr. Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons is better known as the author of *Silhouettes*. He is besides a leading member of the staff of the *Saturday Review*, as now constituted, and a contributor to the *Yellow Book*. A new volume of poems from his pen is announced by the Bodley Head.

❀

Mr. John Murray will publish soon a reprint of some of Dr. Barry's literary articles from the *Quarterly Review*. Father Barry is known in England as one of the most acute and learned critics of the day and as the author of *The New Antigone*.

❀

Maarten Maartens has attained considerable vogue in Germany, where Ahn has brought out a very handsome *Gottesnarr*, with an etching of the author by a German professor. Mr. Maartens' other books are to follow, and the first has been very well received by the critics.

❀

A new volume of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, *Under the Moon*, will be published shortly by Mr. Unwin of London.

❀

The next volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenieff, to be issued by William Heinemann, in England, will be *On the Eve*.

❀

Professor Augustus Chapman Merriam, whose sudden death at Athens on the 19th of last month was duly noticed in the press, was undoubtedly the foremost archæologist in this country. He was President of the American Philo-

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logical Association in 1886–87, and Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens in 1887, carrying on important excavations at Icaria in Attica and at Sicyon. His best-known works were his account of the inscriptions on the Obelisk in Central Park, and his study of the inscribed law-code found at Gortyn in Crete in 1884. Students who had listened to his interpretation of Homer and the Greek tragedians always lamented that he gave most of his time to archæological investigations, as he possessed a most exquisite taste in literature, such as is rarely found in an antiquarian. His renderings of the famous passages of Greek poetry were always a revelation to his classes, and his appreciation of their subtler beauties made a lasting impression upon all who heard them. Professor Merriam's reputation was truly international, and Columbia College will find the selection of a worthy successor a difficult and delicate task.

❀

There is now some prospect of the great life of George Borrow, which has been so long in preparation by Professor Knapp, formerly of Yale University and now of Chicago. Professor Knapp's transference from Yale to Chicago has prevented the earlier publication of the work, but we believe it may be expected this year. It will form three large volumes, and will be a work of extraordinary interest. In 1843 Borrow sketched an autobiography under the title of *Life: A Drama*, by George Borrow; but this was never carried out according to the original plan. By the way, the title is curiously near Alexander Smith's *A Life Drama*. Professor Knapp has secured many communications from friends of Borrow in England, and his work will be eagerly anticipated.

❀

The best sentence in Ibsen's new play is this: "Labour and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad."

❀

The new life of *Hans Christian Andersen*, which will be illustrated with several drawings from original sketches from the pencil of the celebrated story-teller, is now completed, we hear, and will be issued very soon by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

James Ashcroft Noble, the well-known contributor to the *Spectator*, has written a paper on the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, entitled *Ian Maclaren at Home*, which contains hitherto unpublished information. The article is to be illustrated, and will appear in our next number.

❀

Mr. W. Hale White, the author of the *Mark Rutherford* series and *Catherine Furze*, resides at Hastings, in England. Mr. White has just completed a translation from Spinoza.

❀

The fourth volume of Professor McMaster's *History of the People of the United States* is soon to appear. The story of how this work first found a publisher may be a source of comfort to those who regard all publishers as the enemies of genius and inaccessible to the unknown. It was some eleven or twelve years ago that Mr. McMaster called at the office of the Messrs. Appleton, and merely giving his name, left the manuscript of the first volume of his history for examination. No one knew anything of the author, except the fact which he stated, that he was a tutor at Princeton, and supposed to be devoted wholly to mathematics. The manuscript was given out to an experienced reader. He went through it carefully and then wrote out a most unfavourable opinion, advising very strongly against the publication of the book. It was waiting to be wrapped up and returned to the writer, when a member of the firm picked it up, was struck by something in it, read it through, and decided on his own responsibility and against all expert advice, to publish the work. The result and the astonishing success of the book everybody knows.

❀

It is stated on very high authority that the trustees of the Tilden Fund have decided to turn over the whole sum ($2,000,000) to the Astor Library; and that this decision will be officially announced in the course of a few days.

❀

Sir William Gregory's *Memoirs*, published by Mr. John Murray, and edited by Lady Gregory, contains an interesting reminiscence of Anthony Trollope, who was with Gregory at Harrow. Readers of Trollope's autobiog-

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raphy will remember with what bitterness he speaks of his miserable school life. Gregory says that Trollope was, without exception, the most slovenly and dirty boy he ever met, not only slovenly in person and in dress, but in his work, his exercises being a mass of blots and smudges. There was a story that his father had been outlawed, and every boy believed that it was the duty of a loyal subject of the Crown to shoot or otherwise destroy "old Trollope" if possible. Anthony gave no sign of promise whatsoever, was always in the last part of the form, and was regarded by masters and boys alike as an incurable dunce.

❀

The celebration projected by Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, and others, in honour of the Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of the words of *America*, serves once more to remind one of the fact that this country has never yet made a formal declaration of independence in the matter of a national hymn. That Americans should still be singing the air of *God Save the Queen* on all patriotic occasions is not only humiliating, and a source of confusion, but unnecessary as well, while there exists in *Hail Columbia* a genuine national song, whose words and music are both of American composition, and which came into existence at a great historic crisis, nearly a century ago—the music in 1789, when it was played at Washington's first inauguration as *The President's March*, and the words in 1798, when a war with France seemed inevitable, and when Washington was summoned from his retirement to assume once more the supreme command of the army. The fact that the air of *God Save the Queen* is rendered as the royal anthem to the words beginning, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*, and that Italy and Denmark also use it, is only another reason why Americans should set it aside, as the Russians did in 1833, when they adopted the Russian hymn of Alexis Lvoff, now well known and introduced by Rubinstein in his symphonic poem for orchestral rendering, *La Russie*.

❀

The writer was once present at a brilliant function in a European capital, at which representatives from every civilised country in the world were present. As each delegation came forward to perform its part in the ceremonies, the fine military band present played the appropriate national air. *God Save the Queen* was rendered when the representatives of England appeared, all the English present rising and standing. Presently it crashed forth again, this time as the Prussian air, and the English again rose, taking it to themselves. Before long it was played as the Italian hymn, and the English, a little bewildered, again rose to their feet. A fourth time it did duty for the Danes, the English a fourth time rising. When at last it was repeated at the American hymn, and the English once more loyally arose, the absurdity of the thing nearly upset the gravity of the occasion. But the English never knew that the tune was not repeated as a special honour to them, and to this day probably remember it as having been five times performed by way of a delicate compliment to the greatness of Britain.

❀

In *Harper's* for March will appear the first of a new series of papers by Mr. Laurence Hutton, *The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem*, illustrated by Mr. Frank Du Mond, who was sent to the Holy Land specially to make these drawings. This paper will be followed in due season by three others on the literary landmarks of Rome, of Florence, and of Venice, for all of which Mr. Du Mond has made illustrations. Mr. Hutton has long been collecting materials for two or three papers on *Literary Landmarks of Paris*, and it is possible that he will run over to France next summer to write them on the spot.

❀

Another feature of *Harper's* for March will be an article by Mr. Cortissoz, which will present the claims for an American Academy at Rome. Royal Cortissoz is art critic of the New York *Tribune*, and among the most promising of our younger writers on art. He brings special information to bear on everything he touches, and his fresh, incisive, vigorous manner has won for him a ready hearing.

❀

At an authors' dinner held in London some months ago, Mr. Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") made a short speech which was much relished by the bookmen present, including the publishers, at whom it

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was indirectly aimed. "Just a year ago," he said, "I was walking on the principal street of Indianapolis, when I met a man whose appearance showed that he was reduced to the very depths of poverty. His clothes were ragged, his face unshaven, his hair long and matted, and his feet unshod. As I passed him, a look of recognition came into his eye.

"'Nye, old fellow, don't you know me? Don't you know Abel P. Jones, who was your classmate at college?'

"'What, Jones! Is it really you? Well, well, what can I do for you?'

"'For heaven's sake, help me. I am starving. Lend me half a dollar.'

"I felt in my pockets. They were empty. I had no money myself. But a bright thought flashed through my mind.

"'Abel, I can't lend you the half dollar: I haven't got it. But look here, I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll let you publish my next book.'

"Gentlemen, that was just a year ago; and this month Abel P. Jones sent me an invitation to go to Europe with him in his steam yacht."

❀

The *Critic*, when writing of former presentations of *Colombe's Birthday* in connection with the Tabers' performance in Boston a few weeks ago, mentions but one—that of Jean Davenport at the Howard Athenæum in 1854. There have been two others in the United States, one in 1853, by Kate Denin, at the National Theatre, and one by the Seniors of Smith College, '92, in the Northampton Opera House. The play has been given three times in England: in 1853, at the Haymarket; in the provinces with Miss Helen Faucet as *Colombe*, and in 1885 by the Browning Society.

❀

Judge Holmes has already received a large number of letters for the forthcoming life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and they are said to be as interesting as one would expect from the pen of the Autocrat. A good many of them repeat the substance of his well-known essays, but this is to be expected in the letters of an author of Table Talk.

❀

Mr. Thomas Hardy says that whenever he travels by train or omnibus he finds himself instinctively observing his fellow-passengers, and constructing the story of their lives from what he sees in their faces. His average rate of production is about two pages a day, though he will sometimes far exceed this quantity. Mr. Hardy has expressed his high appreciation of the two books published upon him by Mr. Lionel Johnson and Miss Annie Macdonell.

❀

A critic who has read Miss Harraden's Californian story in manuscript, says it is so good that it could not be better. Besides going on with her novel, she intends to write three more Californian stories. "The life out here interests me," she writes, "it is so different from everything else."

❀

Miss Vida D. Scudder, who has in the press a new book, *The Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poets*, is chiefly known through her scholarly study of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, which appeared two years ago. Most of Miss Scudder's work has been done abroad; but she will return next year to her teaching at Wellesley. Her present study takes the line of larger and suggestive comparison between the modern poets and Dante and Spenser, and is expected by competent judges to make no little stir in criticism.

❀

Admirers of that delicious romance, *Passe Rose*, will welcome the news that a holiday edition is on foot, to be illustrated by Albert E. Sterner. Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the author of this and at least two more stories which have justified high hopes, has allowed his editorial duties on the *Cosmopolitan* to absorb too much of his time and energy. He is now absent in Europe on a pleasure trip after some years of close application to work, and we may hope that his imagination will be stirred again to performance among the scenes of *Passe Rose*.

❀

A notable contribution to the growing literature on Christian socialism is Professor George D. Herron's *The Christian State: A Political Vision of Christ*, just published by Messrs. Crowell.

❀

An American edition of *We Three and Troddles*, with over eighty comic silhouettes by the clever artist, Alec Car-

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ruthers Gould, is announced by Henry Altemus, of Philadelphia. The book, which has met with great success in London, recounts the haps and mishaps of four city clerks, and is racy in narrative, full of good nature and broad humour. It is in the manner of Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat;* but the London press has on several occasions declared that there are comic episodes in the later book that rank the pupil above the master.

❀

"R. Andom," the author, is one of Mr. Fisher's most efficient colleagues on the London *Literary World*, and it is due to this editor's kind compulsion that *We Three and Troddles* (originally appearing in *The Family Circle*, where they attracted wide attention) was published in book form, for the parent of these humourous sketches is one of the shyest of young men.

❀

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in a few days *Stories of the Foothills*, by Margaret C. Graham, some of which have appeared in the *Atlantic*. Mrs. Graham has had ample opportunities for observing closely the characteristics of life in Southern California and her varied and vigorous style as a narrator enhances the local value and imaginative interest of her work.

❀

The unfortunate blunder made by Mr. Henry Irving in his recent address at Owens College, Manchester, when he spoke of the author of *Le Rouge et le Noir* as "that German, Stendahl," is receiving a good deal more notice than the incident would seem to deserve. Why Mr. Irving should be taken seriously as a lecturer and literary man is difficult to see; but since the University of Dublin, two years ago, conferred on him its highest degree in letters, he has been listened to with a respectful attention that is slightly amusing. By the way, some one should compile each month a list of the various literary blunders perpetrated by men who make literature a profession. Such a catalogue would be instructive reading, and would inspire in many of us a becoming modesty.

❀

Recent examples of this sort of error are especially entertaining. Thus, we find the editorial columns of the *Evening Post* ascribing to Sam Weller the immortal exclamation of Mr. Squeers, "Here's richness!" The *Sun* quotes Grimm's Law as applicable to the phonetics of the Romance languages. In the same journal the very clever reviewer who signs his contributions M. W. H., in a recent notice of Froude's life of Erasmus, holds the great Dutch humanist responsible for the English pronunciation of Greek, apparently not being aware that the Erasmian system is just the system which the English refuse to adopt.

❀

Another curious instance is found in an address of that accomplished scholar, Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who, after depicting the body politic as Gulliver bound fast by the Lilliputians, adds, "and we all know how *he* burst through his bonds," which is precisely what we do not know, being told by that excellent authority, Dr. Jonathan Swift, that Gulliver was quite unable to do anything of the kind, and was only released when his captors were ready to let him go.

❀

A still more picturesque instance of the same sort of thing is found in a recent edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*, wherein one of the illustrations represents an evil-looking *sans-culotte* smearing upon the wall the word *Blood* in letters of huge size. The scene depicted is as impressive in the drawing as in the text; but the person of an inquiring turn of mind cannot help wondering mildly why a Parisian ruffian of the barriers selected the English language for his parietal prophecies.

❀

Mr. James Phinney Munroe, a lawyer of Boston, and hitherto not widely known in the literary and educational world, is about to publish through D. C. Heath and Co. a volume on *The Educational Ideal*, being outlines of its growth in modern times.

❀

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney finds but little impulse to literary production in the routine of post-office work. She has written almost nothing of late except a lyric and a sonnet on Robert Louis Stevenson, conceived in her emotion at his death.

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Copeland and Day have just issued second editions of *Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, and *Poems*, by John B. Tabb. The designs which decorate the lining of the inside cover pages of *Vagabondia* were come by in rather a curious way. Mr. Meteyard had drawn the sketches for interior decoration, but on deciding not to use them as illustrations, the publishers conceived the idea of printing the drawings on the lining, with a stanza of poetry to match. Needless to say, the novelty of the thing has contributed largely to the sale of the quaintly covered little book.

❀

Father Tabb lives in Ellicott City, Md., and though his lyre inclines to the sad and reminiscent note, he is one of the most sociable of men and one of the most jovial correspondents. Two little volumes of his verse were privately circulated in 1877, but the present collection, the first edition of which, published in December, was exhausted in three days, is his first book having a public imprint. Besides being a collection of poems which have already appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines, where he is a well-known contributor, this volume contains many new pieces.

❀

Bog Myrtle and Peat is the title of a new volume of short stories by S. R. Crockett which have appeared in *The Christian Leader* and other Scotch periodicals, and to which his Scottish kinsman in letters, Andrew Lang, contributes a ballad by way of introduction.

❀

Mr. Richard G. Moulton's long-heralded book, *The Literary Study of the Bible*, is being withheld out of courtesy, because it contains long quotations from the revised edition of the Apocrypha, which the University Press still delays to issue. It will probably come out with Mr. Moulton's new book, *Four Years of Novel Reading*.

❀

The latter book describes an interesting experiment in methodical novel-reading, with suggestions from such literary authorities as Dr. Percival of Rugby, Sir Courtenay Boyle, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Shorthouse.

❀

In his forthcoming edition of the *Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Galleys for Religion*, Austin Dobson proves beyond a doubt that Oliver Goldsmith was the translator, and shows that he had strong reasons for suppressing his own name at the time and allowing that of a college friend to appear on the title-page. Mr. Dobson's "discovery" is the unearthing of a receipt for a third share in the transaction as payment for the translation of this curious document of "extraordinary interest and simple veracity," bearing the signature of Goldsmith.

❀

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's great heroes was the Duke of Wellington. He used to say that the best thing ever said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats."

❀

Lord Rosebery and some of his colleagues spend much time at the London Athenæum Club, in one of the libraries of which a complete set of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* is frequently consulted by ministers. The Premier is a great reader, and his own private library is a magnificent one.

❀

A correspondent who spent a day recently in Dorchester visited three bookstores there and asked for one of Mr. Hardy's novels. "The first shop had its windows full of novels, but Mr. Hardy's, I was told, were out of print. The second had no novels; but the assistant was sure I would find Mr. Hardy's books at Weymouth. The third did not look like a bookseller's, for its windows were full of miscellaneous ornaments, and there were no books in sight. Here, however, I found the novel I wanted, and saw an excellent collection of general literature, including, of course, Mr. Barnes' *Life* and *Poems*."

❀

Mr. Ruskin has refused to allow the Llandudno Eisteddfod Committee to offer a prize for the translation of any of his works into Welsh. Mr. Ruskin has invariably refused to allow any of his works to be translated into French or German, and thinks it would be unfair, therefore, to allow them, or any portion of them, to be translated into Welsh.

❀

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, whose *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, brought its gifted

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author to the front five years ago, is collecting materials for a novel of the First century which will involve the question of Christianity and social reform. The conception of the novel is bold and dramatic; John the Beloved will be one of the prominent figures, and the opening chapters give promise of its being a worthy successor to *Metzerott*.

❀

The Black Riders and Other Lines, by Stephen Crane, to be issued soon by Messrs. Copeland and Day, contains some bright original work. Piquancy, satire, and an odd pleasantry characterise the specimens we have seen, one of which we are permitted to quote. They are to be printed in capitals throughout, in green ink, on Japan paper:

THREE LITTLE BIRDS IN A ROW
SAT MUSING.
A MAN PASSED NEAR THAT PLACE,
THEN DID THE LITTLE BIRDS NUDGE EACH OTHER.

THEY SAID: "HE THINKS HE CAN SING."
THEY THREW BACK THEIR HEADS TO LAUGH.
WITH QUAINT COUNTENANCES
THEY REGARDED HIM.
THEY WERE VERY CURIOUS,
THOSE THREE LITTLE BIRDS IN A ROW.

❀

Two rather pleasing *mots* are just beginning to be circulated, though neither has yet appeared in print. The first is from the other side of the Atlantic and is ascribed to Whistler, who, being asked what he thought of Mr. Oscar Wilde, replied: "Wilde? Oh, he is *le bourgeois malgré lui!*" The second is the dictum of a distinguished American man of letters who was questioned as to his opinion of Mr. Henry James's published plays. "Well," he said, after a moment's reflection, "there seems to be only three objections to make to them. The first is that they are unactable; the second is that they are unreadable; and the third is that they are unspeakable!"

❀

Mrs. Moulton ascribes her tardiness in preparing her volume of travels to her enormous correspondence. She says that she writes on an average a hundred friendly notes and letters in the week.

❀

Mr. Brander Matthews is now engaged in revising the articles on the bibliopegic art which he has contributed to the *Century* during the past year. Under the title of *Bookbindings, Old and New: Notes of a Book Lover*, they will be published next fall in a single volume of the "Ex-Libris Series," issued in London by Bell, and in New York by Macmillan. The volume will be profusely illustrated, and there will be a large-paper edition.

❀

Mr. H. C. Bunner, having completed his second series of *Short Sixes* (just published by Keppler & Schwarzmann), is now writing the concluding article of his series of *Urban and Suburban Sketches* for *Scribner's*, of which the last to appear was the interesting *Story of a Path* in the Christmas *Scribner*. One by one his *Ballads of the Town* are appearing in *Puck*, but only at long and irregular intervals.

❀

The historical work upon which Mr. Harrisse has been engaged for some time is to be entitled *John Cabot, the Discoverer of North America; a Chapter of the Maritime History of England under the Tudors*. Mr. Harrisse has found such a quantity of new material in his researches, and the translation of important documents bearing on the period has occupied so much time, that the new book will not be ready for publication until the autumn.

❀

Lee and Shepard are keeping back the new and largely rewritten edition of *Neighbour Jackwood*, as it is to be prefaced by an autobiographical chapter which will appear in the March *Atlantic*.

❀

A "conversation" which took place between Mr. A. Conan Doyle and Mr. H. W. Mabie, on the eve of the former's departure for Europe some weeks ago, will be published in a forthcoming number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Those who are aware of Mr. Mabie's strong aversion and instinctive dislike to interviewing and being interviewed will interpret this announcement as an evidence of Mr. Mabie's strong personal regard for Dr. Doyle.

❀

Sixty drawings of George Cruikshank, only one or two of which have hitherto been published, are being reproduced by special process, and will shortly be issued by Mr. W. T. Spencer, of New Oxford Street, London. They include one by Thackeray, given to Cruikshank with a copy of *Vanity Fair*. The issue is to be

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strictly limited to one hundred copies on India paper and one hundred on plate paper, the price being three guineas and a guinea and a half respectively.

❀

Mr. Ford, whose clever satire, *The Literary Shop*, is reviewed in this number by another humourist, is engaged on a new book which turns on the same pivot as "The Culture Bubble in Ourtown." The title *Suckling Fools* is taken from Shakespeare's familiar line: "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

❀

Charles E. L. Wingate, the Boston correspondent of the *Critic*, is writing a book to be called *Shakespeare's Heroines*, which will be of a histrionic character. It is intended to illustrate Mr. Wingate's recital of famous actresses who have impersonated Portia, Juliet, Ophelia, and other Shakespearian women, with a number of rare engravings.

❀

"Oliver Optic" sailed for Bermuda and Jamaica on February 13th, and later on he will extend his tour to Europe in order to work up fresh material for new books. He is one of the most indefatigable of boys' writers, and notwithstanding the invasion of new-comers, booksellers tell us that his stories are as popular as ever.

❀

The Literary Club of Chicago has just issued through the De Vinne Press a dainty little pamphlet—the first of its series of "Club Papers"—containing *A True Love Story*, by the late David Swing, who was an honoured and brilliant member of the club. Stone and Kimball have also published in two beautiful volumes a collection of Professor Swing's literary remains, which includes the *Love Story*—the first paper, *Old Pictures of Life*, giving the title to the whole. A subscription memorial edition of Professor Swing's writings, limited to one thousand copies, is to be published soon by F. Tennyson Neely, of Chicago.

❀

We learn, just as we are going to press, that Chicago is to have a book club, to be run on lines similar to those laid down by the Grolier Club of New York. A meeting to incorporate and decide on a name was held in the University Club building of that city on Saturday, January 25th. The "Caxton Club" is the name decided on. Another meeting to decide on location, adopt constitution and by-laws, and elect officers and committees was called for Saturday, March 2d.

❀

An exhibition of book bindings, which it is expected will be held under the auspices of the Caxton Club, is to open at the Art Institute, Chicago, about February 26th.

❀

Katharine Tynan Hinkson will issue shortly, through Elkin Mathews, a new volume of Irish stories. Lawrence and Bullen will be the publishers of Mrs. Hinkson's first novel, which will add another volume to recent Irish fiction. So very little modern work of any account has been done in this field, that Mrs. Hinkson's *début* as a novelist will be awaited with an expectancy she has already created in her previous work. She has also another novel half written.

❀

Miss Jane Barlow, whose *Irish Idylls* is the most notable contribution which literature has received from Hibernia in many years, promises a new volume of her delightful idylls in the autumn.

❀

Under the superscription of a copy of the *Ascent of Man* which we saw the other day these words are written: "The light of every soul burns upward." The apt quotation is from one of George Meredith's novels. Professor Drummond's book is in its fourth edition in America.

❀

T. Y. Crowell and Co. will issue this month the fifth volume of the Library of Economics, edited by Professor R. T. Ely. The famous college settlement, Hull House, is the rendezvous for a tabulated account of the distribution of poverty and crime and nationality in the slums of Chicago. *Hull House Maps and Papers* will furnish these carefully prepared studies on topics of vital interest, edited by Miss Jane Addams.

❀

The author of *John Ward, Preacher*, and *Philip and his Wife* has been airing her views on the novel lately. In a lecture recently delivered she says that fiction, if it is to last, "must have a moral sentiment to it, and must be illumined by truth." Mrs. Deland in-

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stanced *The Scarlet Letter* and *Les Misérables* as superb examples.

❀

Many of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's *Sonnets*, which are to be published, together with *Esther: A Young Man's Tragedy*, in the series "Love Sonnets," were written on the fly-leaf of his Bible and prayer-book while suffering durance vile during the Fenian movement some years ago. Mr. Blunt is now in Egypt.

❀

Those who appreciate Mr. Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* will be pleased to learn that he will write a third series of these *Vignettes* before leaving the field.

❀

Dr. Nicoll's masterly monograph, *James Macdonell, Journalist*, mentioned in the account of the literary career of our English editor, is "a story of self-help" which ought to be better known in America. It is, as he claims, "the only life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." "In reading it," said a reviewer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "we are reminded of the words of the distinguished scholar, poet and philospher yet among us, who, when asked what he considered 'the best bits of literature,' made bold answer, 'the buried thoughts in anonymous journalism.'"

❀

Miss Annie Macdonell, the sister of the subject of this memoir, is Dr. Nicoll's efficient coadjutor on THE BOOKMAN in England, and the author of *Thomas Hardy*, the first volume in a new series of "Contemporary Writers," which Lionel Johnson reviews in this number.

❀

The original manuscript of Bryan Waller Procter's ("Barry Cornwall") memorial of Charles Lamb, which the writer saw the other day, is written on blue paper with wide lines, and makes a thick quarto volume. Inserted is an interesting letter of Charles Lamb, in his autograph, written to his publisher, Hone, as follows: "Pray let Matilda keep my newspapers till you hear from me, as we are meditating a town residence. C. Lamb. Let her keep them as the apple of her eye."

IN ACCOUNT WITH TIME.

Time cannot grudge to me
The few glad hours I spend—
Glad hours of rare companionship—
In converse with my friend.

My friend thus counsels me:
"Be it with Time agreed
That thou wilt in my company
Seek rest when thou hast need."

Sweet words—if words could soften
The pain of parting—"May
I come indeed as often
As I have need?" I say.

"Time cannot grudge to me
The sure release from pain
I have in thy sweet ministry
Of solace to my brain."

Ernest Radford.

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AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

OCCASIONED BY A CRITIQUE OF "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES."

"Versate . . . quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri."—ARS POETICA.

How shall a writer change his ways?
Read his reviewer's blame, not praise.
In blame—as BOILEAU said of old—
The truth is hidden, if not told.

* * * * *

There! Let that row of stars extend
To hide the faults I mean to mend.
Why should the Public need to know
The standard that I fall below?—
Or learn to search for that defect
My Critic bids me to correct?
No: in this case the truly-wise
Keep their own counsel—and revise.

Yet something of my Point of View
I fain would speak, my Friend, to You.
I don't pretend to paint the vast
And complex picture of the Past;
Not mine the wars of humankind,
"The furious troops in battle join'd;"
Not mine the march, the counter-march,
The trumpets, the triumphal arch;
For detail, detail most I care
(*Ce superflu, si necessaire!*);
I cultivate a private bent
For episode, for incident;
I take a page of Some One's life,
His quarrel with his friend, his wife;
His good or evil hap at Court,
"His habit as he lived," his sport,
The books he loved, the trees he planted,
The dinners that he eat—or wanted;—
As much, in short, as one may hope
To cover with a microscope.

I don't taboo a touch of scandal,
If GRAY or WALPOLE hold the candle;
Nor take a very lofty tone
Where faults are weaknesses alone.

In studies of Life's sordid side
I own I feel but little pride;

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The mob, the pressgang, and the gibbets*
Are not among my prize exhibits ;
Nor have I envy to outdo
What FIELDING wrote and HOGARTH drew.

Yet much I love to arabesque
What GAUTIER christened a "Grotesque,"
To take his oddities and "tunes,"
And drape them neatly with festoons,
Until, at length, I chance to get
The thing I designate "Vignette."

To sum the matter then :—MY aim
Is modest. This is all I claim :—
To paint a part and not the whole,
The trappings rather than the soul,
And pause the longest, where I can,
On what best fits my style and plan.
The Evolution of the Time,
The silent Forces fighting Crime,
The Fetishes that fail, and pass,
The struggle between Class and Class,
The Wealth still adding land to lands,
The Throne that falls, the Faith that stands,—
All this I leave to abler hands.

Austin Dobson.

WALTER RAYMOND,

AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMAN UPCOTT'S DAUGHTER," "LOVE AND QUIET LIFE," ETC.

When *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*, by Tom Cobbleigh, appeared in the *Pseudonym Library*, there was a flutter of delight among the dovecotes of the critics always on the alert for a new note in literature. It was so full of local colour, folklore, and enthusiasm, that one felt there was in it the promise at once of a picturesque historian for Somerset and a writer of rare penetration, delicate sympathy, and artistic sensibility. Then *Young Sam and Sabina* reassured us, for in workmanship and charm of style and rustic painting it proved to be a great advance on the former story. *Love and Quiet Life*, which has just been published, and which is reviewed in another column, it would be difficult to match with anything within the range of English literature for sheer penetration and humour and delicacy of touch. Its quaintly sweet and sad portrayal of idyllic life reveals a keen observation of peasant character, and a wonderful patience and skill in moulding the old traditions and customs of Somerset into language that bathes his pictures of this bit of English life in poetry and romance. More than merely turning his knowledge and personal observations of nature and human nature among the West Country folk to literary account, he has steeped his pages in the spirit of a loving and faithful student. A rich humanity and rare tenderness pervade his work and prolong the cadences of "the still sad music," and "sensations sweet, felt in the blood and felt along the heart," which linger in the memory after the

* Addison's *Campaign*.

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book has been laid down, and make us turn to it again as to some old familiar strain.

Walter Raymond is himself, as might be guessed, a Somerset man, and his roots go deep into the fifteenth century, when his family was already established at the old town of Ilchester. His ancestors have been yeomen in Western England for hundreds of years, and his grandfather lived in Yeovil, where Mr. Raymond was born, and used the very dialect which is reproduced in *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*. Mr. Raymond succeeded his father in business at Yeovil as a glove manufacturer. The gloves were at one time stitched in the

WALTER RAYMOND.

cottages of the Somerset folk, and coming thus in contact with the rural life and racial peculiarities of the people, his susceptible and acquisitive nature assimilated a fund of material which he has since wrought into artistic forms of beauty. His father was a Congregationalist, and his education for the most part was obtained from a Congregational minister. Very early he began to write poetry, and although he has been asked to collect his youthful lyrics in a volume, Mr. Raymond soon found out that he could never soar to the height of his aspirations as a poet. He tried his hand at a story, which was first printed in a local paper and thence transferred to the press of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein in 1888, under the title of *Misterton's Mistake*. I see that it has been described as "a most fascinating volume;" but although it contains passages of most delicate and beautiful work, the author was dissatisfied with it, and says it did not deserve the fair success it achieved. *Taken at His Word*, his next novel, was accepted and published at once by Messrs. Bentley in May, 1892, but in spite of a few good reviews the book unfortunately received little notice on account of the disturbance which the stir of the Dissolution and General Election at that time caused.

Gentleman Upcott's Daughter first introduced Mr. Raymond widely to the public. It had been written previous to *Taken at His Word*, but Messrs. Bentley demurring at its size as unmarketable, he put the manuscript aside and wrote the longer story for them. Mr. Raymond acknowledges the encouraging letter which they wrote him as a great kindness to an unknown author. The story they refused just fitted Mr. Fisher Unwin's *Pseudonym Library*, and on its publication in 1893 was an instant success. Shortly after its appearance two London editors wrote him on the same day—a great event, as he says, to one who had lived entirely outside literary circles. One of the editors was Mr. Shorter, of the *Illustrated London News*, and the other was Dr. Robertson Nicoll, of the *British Weekly* and THE BOOKMAN. This led to his writing *Young Sam and Sabina* for the former, and *Love and Quiet Life* for the latter. Although Mr. Raymond's work has met with a kind reception from the critics in America—except in the case of his first novel, he has never had a single bad review—yet his popularity in England far exceeds that accorded to him in this country; but in his last book he has made a fair bid for a larger audience.

"Tom Cobbleigh," under which pen-name Mr. Raymond published until recently, is suggestive of "real Zummerzet." The name occurs in the refrain of a Cornish story, which, by the way, may be found in Mr. Baring-Gould's collection. Among the tributes which he has received as the graphic delineator of a picturesque corner of old England, Mr. Raymond especially cherishes a kind and appreciative letter which Thomas Hardy wrote him. The author

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of *Love and Quiet Life* is still a young man, and has only begun to wield his power as a master. His apprenticeship shows great promise as well as fulfilment during the successive steps of his career, and he himself is conscious that he can achieve greater things and feels that much ground is still unbroken. Next spring we may hope to have another volume from him on delightful Somerset. The reason, undoubtedly, why his work is so refreshing and breathes of the savoury pines as if it had been written under the greenwood-tree, and not by the night-lamp within cramped walls, is that with all his omnivorous reading he has gone straight to nature and to human life for the material of his books. It is instructive to note this passage from an unusually interesting preface addressed to the American readers of *Love and Quiet Life*. He says: "I have drawn my pictures direct from life as it may still be found in quiet nooks and corners of my remote county; feeling assured that changes come about so slowly, that one has only to leave out the new social conditions now in binding, to present a truthful picture of the life that is passing away. . . . I have gone in search of the old and quaint, but I have presented nothing that I have not found. True, the modern farmer poisons his seed and the rooks are too wise to swallow it, yet I found my Johnny Sandboy on the field of winter wheat, and learnt his songs from his own lips."

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.,

English Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

I. THE "BOOKMAN'S" BOOKMAN.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll holds an extraordinary place in the literature of the day. He went to London eight years ago, worn with illness, and disabled for the continuance of his work as a minister of his church. Since then his health has never been robust. Nevertheless, the brave, cheerful, indomitable spirit has never winced or turned back, but kept its way upward to a clear-purposed goal.

It is not in me to write what I think about so true a friend as William Robertson Nicoll. When you expect to shake a man by the hand on your threshold the week after next, you are in no mood to write his biography. If in such circumstances you con over, set in order, and print his faults, you are a beast. If, on the other hand, you celebrate his virtues and his attainments, you are a log-roller. So the critics have you any way—which, no doubt, is a proper thing for you, in that it teaches you humility, and is "pence in their own most deserving pockets," as sayeth Mr. R. H. Sherard.

Yet I cannot step aside and let some other say his say before me about Dr. Nicoll; for I have something to tell that has not been told before. Some years ago a young and perfectly unknown writer was writing a series of sketches, which were copied into various colonial papers. The author was (at that time) modest, and thought no more of them after he had scribbled them, writing them, as he did, easily, as one might write a letter to a friend on a wet forenoon, and chiefly for the sake of the small resultant tale of shillings.

Arrives one day at a country village a letter from a great London editor, asking if by any chance it might be that this young writer was the author of the sketches which had been reprinted in the Sydney *Presbyterian*. "My intentions are honourable," remarked the editor; and they were. He was too courteous to ask the author to leave his original paper for another. He simply, out of the kindness of his heart, advised the young author to collect his tales and print them. He prophesied a future for them such as even the fond heart of their parent could not believe in. No kinder or more chivalrous thing was ever done to an unknown author. Now as to the sequel. Though that collection of sketches saw the light but eighteen months ago, copies have been observed marked "eighth edition." Now, as the portly gentleman who has been asked to ad-

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W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

dress the Sunday-school of his native village remarks when he comes to the part about the half-crown with which he set out, "I was that boy." Which of course everybody knew from the beginning.

This is but one instance of Dr. Nicoll's supreme judgment as to the saleable qualities of a book, and it is to these alone that in connection with this book I refer. But Dr. Nicoll's judgment is sound and admirable in all departments of literature, and it is certainly a feather in his cap that the publishers of London would rather have his opinion of a manuscript than that of any other single man. Dr. Nicoll has in eight years deeply impressed his mark upon contemporary literature. The *British Weekly* has gained a perfectly unique position in religious journalism for the clearness and sanity of its literary judgments. No professedly religious journal has ever made such an impression upon the opinions of literary London as the *British Weekly* has done. There is no doubt whatever that it was Dr. Nicoll who, during the early months after the publication of *Auld Licht Idylls*, fought what seemed like a losing battle for Mr. Barrie and his book. Indeed, up to the publication of the famous article in the *Spectator*, Dr. Nicoll and Mr. Greenwood, of the *St. James' Gazette* (that

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A CORNER OF DR. NICOLL'S STUDY.

sober haunt of dignity, culture, and gentlemanship), stood practically alone in recognising the supreme genius of the new writer. He has made one or two mistakes with his *protégés*, but they have not been serious, and chiefly owing to the fact that he allowed the kind heart in his breast to sway the keenly critical head.

Dr. Nicoll has in his time written a good many books, and of them a word in time; but his editorship of the BOOKMAN has done most to touch the higher part of current literature. The BOOKMAN has been distinguished ever since its commencement for the sympathy of its criticism. "Slating" is not encouraged, because the editor agrees that, save in a few flagrant cases, the criticism of silence and forgetfulness is the most certain and the most efficient kind of punishment. Nemesis is heavy enough and certain enough for the kindly critic to be sparing of the smart of the lash of supererogation.

And even as Dr. Nicoll is kindly to the struggling young, he is also not in the least jealous of success. He does not believe that because a man has been successful, therefore he will be the better of kicking. He holds that it is possible for a man to keep a fairly clean and humble soul even under such circumstances. But Dr. Nicoll is not a sayer of smooth things. Quick in appreciation, never missing a point, he is yet faithful, and upon occasion even stern in rebuke. But his chiding is often as grateful as another's praise, and much more useful. That is a week to read the *British Weekly* when Claudius Clear, gently but firmly as a mother, remonstrates with an erring author. And many a one to-day may sing with a glow of more than gratitude:

"Who spanked me well across his knee?
My Nicoll."

But, seriously, Dr. Nicoll must set about writing his great work. I take the liberty, not for the first time, of telling him what it is. There is no man who knows the literature of the early Victorian period as he knows it. From 1830 to the present day he has not only a general, but a minute, particular knowledge of every fact, date, publication. He knows the lives of the authors, and in many cases, as in that of the Brontë sisters, he has had material collected at enormous pains which has never been published. It is a duty that Dr. Nicoll owes to his country—a lien upon his genius—that he should write the stand-

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ard *History of Literature in the Victorian Era*. He alone could write it so that experts would read it with delight, while others might have some guide-book through the tangled and unexplored wildernesses of literary production which lie between 1830 and 1870. We that are profane and alien to the mysteries have only, apart from a few great names, a hazy impression of the heavily domestic and respectably furnished, of mahogany sideboards and ladies in bell-shaped crinolines and poke-bonnets. These things seem to the outsider to pervade literature as well. How people made love, took exercise, and travelled; with what dignity they could venture to live and with what self-respect they could bring themselves to die among such surroundings only Dr. Nicoll knows. He must therefore tell us, and that speedily.

Of all Dr. Nicoll's printed books, I love his beautiful *Key of the Grave*, the finest book ever written for the distressed, the bereaved, and the Waiting Ones at the Gates. Like Arnold's "sitter upon the intellectual throne," the writer of *The Key of the Grave* brings us "all his store of sad experience." With exquisite impersonality he

> "Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
> And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
> And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
> And all his hourly varied anodynes."

At least, the book tells all this and more to those who, being sufferers, need a physician. But when, as we read, we hold a beloved hand that droops and will not strengthen for all our love, we lose the desire and the power to criticise.

What more remains to be said about Dr. Nicoll must be said by another. We cannot write of those to whom our hearts are warm. We seem, in a left-handed way, to be praising ourselves. The echoes of the much more that we cannot say rebuke us for our feeble words. And I, who look forward to much friendship with my friend, will say no more than that it is my daily prayer that each year may bring more health to the frail body that shrines the great soul, more clearness and sanity to the generous judgment, and that the light of a serene latter-day happiness may come back to the eye. The heart I would let alone. It could not be warmer.

S. R. Crockett.

II. EARLY LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER.

"About the very cradle of the Scot," says Stevenson, "there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity." Into this common atmosphere it was Dr. Nicoll's lot to enter with distinction, for he was born on October 10th, 1851, in a Free Church manse, at Auchendaoir, Aberdeenshire. The picture which he has drawn of the country where his early years were passed will recall the stirring autobiography of the good Jean Paul's idyllic childhood. "Looking back," writes Dr. Nicoll, in his life of James Macdonell, "it is the winter that strikes me as the dominant influence of the region. It was very long and very rigorous. The countryside was famous for its snowstorms, the huge 'drifts' they left behind them often impeding traffic for days. It was impossible to work out-of-doors during the dark and roaring nights and the scarcely lighter days. People were thus thrown upon their own resources, and were either made or marred by their use of the winter." Life in those northern parts lay along a rough and arduous road, and the possibilities of mental development were limited; but there was often an element of deep, underlying ambition which combined plain living and high thinking. Even in that little village were felt the perturbations of the great ocean of intellectual interests, and through its narrow channels ebbed and flowed "the tumultuary and gray tide of life."

Village life has done much for many a Scots worthy. Here Dr. Nicoll must have learned that lesson which has entered into the fibre of his being—what he himself has called "the richness of the common vital stock"—and laid broad and deep the foundations on which for more than a quarter of a century he has been building his life-work. From the seclusion of his birthplace he went, a mere lad, to Aberdeen University, where he took his degree of M.A., and as an undergraduate evinced his strong literary bent in book reviewing. Entering Aberdeen, which stands higher in general intelligence than any other city in

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Scotland, was to pass, he says, from prison into a larger air, to taste the sweets of comradeship and liberty. After a brief ministry at Dufftown, Banffshire, the young minister, when only twenty-six, was called south to fill the vacancy in the historic pulpit of the Free Church, Kelso, where Dr. Horatius Bonar had preceded him. If it was an onerous post to occupy, it was also an honourable one, and for eight years he worked among the Scotch congregation, endearing himself to the people by his diligence in pastoral work, his brilliant gifts as a preacher, his large-hearted sympathy, and the rare power which he has always exercised in drawing out the best that is in thinking young men. And if it was a painful parting between pastor and people when the former, broken in health, had to resign that office—to which he has never returned—it marked a new epoch in Dr. Nicoll's career, and gave to London one who is ranked among its ablest and foremost editors to-day.

For it is in connection with the *British Weekly* and THE BOOKMAN—which are a continual witness to his editorial genius—that Dr. Nicoll is known to the general public. "I began editing at the age of eighteen, in the manner of Artemus Ward, who ground up his shears to let his friend of the Baldinsville *Bugle* go on holiday, and my hand has been in it more or less for the greater time ever since. Once inhale the atmosphere, and it is more to be desired than Pontresina." In 1885 he succeeded Dr. Samuel Cox as editor of the *Expositor*, one of the freshest and most valuable theological reviews in England, and in 1887 he started the *British Weekly*, "a journal of social and Christian progress," which at once stepped to the front in periodical literature by bridging the gulf between literary culture and evangelical Christianity. "I came back to London," he says, "after travelling for about a year in Devonshire and in Switzerland, somewhat better, and I had to find work to occupy my time and energies, since I was unable to speak in public. Then I proposed the scheme of the *British Weekly* to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and they agreed to take it up. It was not started with any idea of being a rival or corrective to any existing paper, but I thought there was room for a religious paper, somewhat on the lines of what the *Pall Mall Gazette* then was, which would appeal especially to ministers and the more educated laity. I also thought social questions would attract a good deal of attention in coming years, so I resolved to make a place for them. I saw, too, that the interest in literature promised to grow, and I proposed to give space to that. So combining those ideas, we started."

It will indicate the lines upon which the *British Weekly* has achieved its success to mention that among reprints from its columns in book-form have been *Tempted London*, *Books which have Influenced Me*, *When a Man's Single*, by J. M. Barrie, and in part *Auld Licht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, Ian Maclaren's Scottish idylls, and Walter Raymond's Somerset idylls. Its growth was very rapid, and it is now the biggest pennyworth of the religious papers.

It can readily be seen that ill-health was the divinity that shaped Dr. Nicoll's ends and moved him from his moorings in the ministry. A more momentous destiny awaited the ripe young scholar of eclectic tastes and retiring habits, whose intellectual life has been dominated by the literary passion. When it is known that Dr. Nicoll is a rich magazine of literary reminiscence, and that probably no man of his age (he is only forty-three) retains a greater knowledge of the literary history of the past and present generations, or has a truer idea of their place in the literature of the period, it will be evident that the remarkable success of THE BOOKMAN, which is only three years old, is in great measure accounted for. THE BOOKMAN, said one prescient critic truly, is a type of monthly which many literary men could start, but which only one in a thousand could maintain.

Dr. Nicoll lives in one of the delightful, old-fashioned, roomy houses, surrounded by trees and straggling gardens, which line the road in Frognal as it climbs the steep over Hampstead Heath. Near by is Beatrice Harraden's home, and you can see Walter Besant's residence from Dr. Nicoll's study window; also the house in which lived Dr. Appleton, the first editor of the *Academy*. The vicinity is rich in literary associations, and Dr. Nicoll's house is believed to be the one in which Dr. Johnson wrote his *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

James MacArthur.

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III. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

One of the most brilliant features of the *British Weekly* has been the letters which Dr. Nicoll has written over the signature of "Claudius Clear." They are addressed to the editor of the *British Weekly*, and are always scrupulously deferential in tone. There is a delicious pleasantry in the odd moments of a letter when the double personality plays a part, and the editor of the *British Weekly* turns critic on his correspondent in a parenthesis or foot-note, or as when "Claudius" confided once to the editor that he would see any paper in England dead sooner than the *Academy*, "with the exception of your own invaluable journals." But these letters are most remarkable for their criticism of contemporaneous literature and for their wealth of literary suggestiveness and constant stream of personal information pertaining to the world of letters in the present era. In these letters, too, Dr. Nicoll has from time to time recognised new authors and predicted success for them, which in the most sanguine cases has been fully confirmed. In this way he was the first to herald J. M. Barrie, Jane Barlow, S. R. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. The letter in which "Claudius Clear" hailed "a certain star" when *The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men* appeared about two years ago—the collection of sketches to which Mr. Crockett has referred—is produced below:

To the Editor of the British Weekly.

SIR: The *Stickit Minister and Some Common Men* is a book of extraordinary merit. It is a series of swift, bright sketches, whose subjects are nearly all taken from Scotch ecclesiastical life, and they are done with such ease, spirit, and fidelity as to give Mr. Crockett a very high place among his fellow-artists. English readers may be assured that they will find this book entertaining and racy beyond almost any other of its kind. This is high praise; those who have attempted similar work best know how high. Such work seems very easy till you try it. You have some good stories, which by a little spinning out could be made into articles; or there are a few strongly marked characters in your mind that others might be made to see as clearly as you see them. But when you sit down to begin the sketch the pencil soon swerves; you have missed that curve, that nameless turn of line without which there is no likeness, and if you have the sense to see it, you lay the sheet on the coals. If this kind of work is not convincing, it should not be done at all. Mr. Crockett never, or hardly ever, quite misses the mark. He is sympathetic and high-spirited—I had almost written genial, but genial does not apply. Nobody can be genial till after forty. Geniality is the result of a casting-up of accounts. *A Stickit Minister* is certainly the work of a man under forty.

There is no difficulty in saying so much as this, and it is a sufficient criticism of perhaps three fourths of the book. The remaining fourth, however, has puzzled me very much. It is so good that one is tempted to say without more ado that Mr. Crockett is a man of genius. There is something in it beyond journalism; whether it is genius I cannot decide. Let us approach the problem by considering the work of the recognized masters, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hardy.

When you think of it, the atmosphere of Mr. Barrie's books is of intense repose. His genius broods over a life which is without haste. Does anybody in Thrums run? Mr. Dishart ran past the Established Church; and there was a race for 'Tnowhead's Bell; but when I think of it, one of the competitors had one leg longer than the other. He looked well sitting, but could not have been very swift running. There is leisure for the meetings of the Pig Stye Club, and Tammas Haggart has always an audience. Conversation is slow and sententious. The evil days of the telegram are but beginning. Little Sandersy Riach was, I believe, the first telegraph boy in Thrums, and the singular message, "Rob Angus has married the Colonel's daughter, Rob Angus has married the Colonel," one of the earliest he delivered. Mr. Hardy's Wessex is as still and grave. Strident voices, hurrying calls, daily newspapers, are outside of it. Emotion is profound and passionate: Marty South's heart is as deep as Jess McQumpha's; but words are few. In Thrums and in Wessex there are those who know the utmost human needs, and who for all the simplicity of their surroundings have experienced the supreme

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joys and agonies of life. What is it that draws us to them? Is it not—to use a phrase of Mr. Hardy's—their "princely serenity"? We see them independent of our poor ambitions and conflicts. They have no desire to do "some eclipsing thing." They know nothing of life beyond its great elements, and yet they know it all. It is this brooding elemental quality that Mr. Crockett's work lacks, even as his world lacks the majesty of the antique order. It is for the most part the world of to-day, which may be made interesting, but hardly impressive. He shrinks from direct encounter with tragedy, though he often glances at it. He does not lead us into the room where the heart tastes the first bitterness of bereavement, failure, desertion, or shame. "Accepted of the Beasts" is clever, but not convincing. In one sketch, however, "The Heather Lintie: Being a Review of the Poems of Janet Balchrystie of Barbrax," he achieves what I cannot but think a veritable triumph. Mr. Barrie or Miss Wilkins might have been proud to sign it. Another very strong point is that with a few strokes he can set before you a lovable woman. Take this, for example: "He pulled at the manse bell, and somewhere far down the stone passages he heard it ring. Christopher Murray was ready to tell the maid whom he expected to open the door that he was the minister come to supply on the next day. He was prepared for that look of compassion for his youth which he knew so well, which said as plain as words could say, 'Puir lad, little do you ken what's afore you in this parish!' But he was not prepared for what he did see. A slender girl in black, fair as a lily, stood in the dark of the doorway waiting for him to speak." This looks very easy and simple. So did Giotto's O.

Mr. Crockett will solve the problem by-and-by, and I have great hopes. No fair critic will deny that he has his own style and method; he is not an imitator. The fault which he should avoid is a tendency to use cheap newspaper phrases. His diction might well be richer and more copious. Mr. Crockett should follow Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hardy to Elizabethan springs.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

Claudius Clear.

DEIRA, April 6, 1893.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

I. MATERIAL AND METHOD.

If the writer who ventures to say something more about books and their uses is wise, he will not begin with an apology; for he will know that, despite all that has been said and written on this engrossing theme, the interest of books is inexhaustible, and that there is always a new constituency to read them. So rich is the vitality of the great books of the world that men are never done with them; not only does each new generation read them, but it is compelled to form some judgment of them. In this way Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and their fellow-artists, are always coming into the open court of public opinion, and the estimate in which they are held is valuable chiefly as affording material for a judgment of the generation which forms it. An age which understands and honours creative artists must have a certain breadth of view and energy of spirit; an age which fails to recognize their significance fails to recognize the range and splendour of life, and has, therefore, a certain inferiority.

We cannot get away from the great books of the world, because they preserve and interpret the life of the world; they are inexhaustible, because, being vitally conceived, they need the commentary of that wide experience which we call history to bring out the full meaning of the text; they are our perpetual teachers, because they are the most complete expressions in that concrete form which we call art, of the thoughts, acts, dispositions, and passions of humanity. There is no getting to the bottom of Shakespeare, for instance, or to the end of his possibilities

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of enriching and interesting us, because he deals habitually with that primary substance of human life which remains substantially unchanged through all the mutations of racial, national, and personal condition, and which is always, and for all men, the object of supreme interest. Time, which is the relentless enemy of all that is partial and provisional, is the friend of Shakespeare, because it continually brings to the student of his work illustration and confirmation of its truth. There are many things in his plays which are more intelligible and significant to us than they were to the men who heard their musical cadence on the rude Elizabethan stage, because the ripening of experience has given the prophetic thought an historical demonstration; and there are truths in these plays which will be read with clearer eyes by the men of the next century than they are now read by us.

It is this prophetic quality in the books of power which silently moves them forward with the inaudible advance of the successive files in the ranks of the generations, and which makes them contemporary with each generation. For while the mediæval frame-work upon which Dante constructed the "Divine Comedy" becomes obsolete the fundamental thought of the poet about human souls and the identity of the deed and its result not only remains true to experience, but has received the most impressive confirmation from subsequent history and from psychology.

It is as impossible, therefore, to get away from the books of power as from the stars; every new generation must make acquaintance with them, because they are as much a part of that order of things which forms the background of human life as nature itself. With every intelligent man or woman the question is not, "Shall I take account of them?" but "How shall I get the most and the best out of them for my enrichment and guidance?"

It is with the hope of assisting some readers and students of books, and especially those who are at the beginning of the ardours, the delights, and the perplexities of the book-lover, that these articles are undertaken. They assume nothing on the part of the reader but a desire to know the best that has been written; they promise nothing on the part of the writer but a frank and familiar use of experience in a pursuit which makes it possible for the individual life to learn the lessons which universal life has learned, and to piece out its limited personal experience with the experience of humanity. One who loves books, like one who loves a particular bit of a country, is always eager to make others see what he sees; that there have been other lovers of books and views before him does not put him in an apologetic mood. There cannot be too many lovers of the best things in these pessimistic days, when to have the power of loving anything is beginning to be a great and rare gift.

The word love in this connection is significant of a very definite attitude toward books; an attitude not uncritical, since it is love of the best only, but an attitude which implies more intimacy and receptivity than the purely critical temper makes possible; an attitude, moreover, which expects and invites something more than instruction or entertainment—both valuable, wholesome, and necessary, and yet neither descriptive of the richest function which the book fulfils to the reader. To love a book is to invite an intimacy with it which opens the way to its heart. One of the wisest of modern readers has said that the most important characteristic of the real critic—the man who penetrates the secret of a work of art—is the ability to admire greatly; and there is but a short step between admiration and love. And as if to emphasize the value of a quality so rare among critics, the same wise reader, who was also the greatest writer of modern times, says also that "where keen perception unites with good-will and love, it gets at the heart of man and the world; nay, it may hope to reach the highest goal of all." To get at the heart of that knowledge, life, and beauty which are stored in books is surely one way of reaching the highest goal.

That goal, in Goethe's thought, was the complete development of the individual life through thought, feeling, and action; an aim often misunderstood, but which, seen on all sides, is certainly the very highest disclosed to the human spirit. And the method of attaining this result was the process, also often and widely misunderstood, of culture. This word carries with it the implication of natural, vital growth, but it has been confused with an artificial, mechanical proc-

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ess, supposed to be practised as a kind of esoteric cult by a small group of people who held themselves apart from common human experiences and fellowships. Mr. Symonds, concerning whose representative character as a man of culture there is no difference of opinion, said that he had read with some care the newspaper accounts of his "culture," and that, so far as he could gather, his newspaper critics held the opinion that culture is a kind of knapsack which a man straps on his back and in which he places a vast amount of information, gathered, more or less at random, in all parts of the world. There was, of course, a touch of humour in Mr. Symonds's description of the newspaper conception of culture; but it is certainly true that culture has been regarded by a great many people either as a kind of intellectual refinement, so highly specialised as to urge on fastidiousness, or as a large accumulation of miscellaneous information.

Now, the process of culture is an unfolding and enrichment of the human spirit by conforming to the laws of its own growth; and the result is a broad, rich, free human life. Culture is never quantity, it is always quality of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves by additions from without, it is always enlargement of ourselves by development from within; it is never something acquired, it is always something possessed; it is never a result of accumulation, it is always a result of growth. That which characterizes the man of culture is not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the sanity, the ripeness, the soundness of his nature. A man may have great knowledge and remain uncultivated; a man may have comparatively limited knowledge and be genuinely cultivated. There have been famous scholars who have remained crude, unripe, inharmonious in their intellectual life, and there have been men of small scholarship who have found all the fruits of culture. The man of culture is he who has so absorbed what he knows that it is part of himself. His knowledge has not only enriched specific faculties, it has enriched him; his entire nature has come to ripe and sound maturity.

This personal enrichment is the very highest and finest result of intimacy with books; compared with it the instruction, information, refreshment, and entertainment which books afford are of secondary importance. The great service they render us—the greatest service that can be rendered us—is the enlargement, enrichment, and unfolding of ourselves; they nourish and develop that mysterious personality which lies behind all thought, feeling, and action; that central force within us which feeds the specific activities through which we give out ourselves to the world, and, in giving, find and recover ourselves.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

ON SOME TALES OF MR. KIPLING'S.

By the Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

In a lonely Sussex house a number of men sat together. The cheerful dinner was done, the ingle flamed, and whenever one, rising, chanced to open the cottage door, the freshness of the still and breathing spring night stole in. There were among these men editors, critics, dons, and writers—modest men all, who yet had tried, each within his possible, to do something. There was talk and turmoil—the incidence of liking, the extreme dissidence of dissent. From argument they went to criticism, and in the forecasting of the future, reputations suffered. All the while the great editor sat above them (in a smoking-jacket), as the gods sit, dividing good and evil. Finally they fell upon a new play.

They resolved to write out, each for himself, a list of the best half-dozen of Mr. Kipling's short stories. The papers were folded. They were put into the hat, and the editor, well accustomed, made out the final result. *The Man who would be King* stood proudly at the head of every list, followed by *At the End of*

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the Passage, Without Benefit of Clergy, The Drums of the Fore-and-Aft, and I forget what other.

It is a game that any one can try, and the results may be varied from theirs. But the fact stood clear that men of book and pen read Kipling for their own pleasure; and, what is more, remember him.

Afterward they fell a-talking of the author. They recalled how he flashed upon the world, various discoverers claiming him—like a new planet with an Adams and a Leverrier on the staff of every paper.

"In Vishnu-land what Avatar?" cried Browning long ago from among the tangled bowers of *Bells and Pomegranates*, when Waring took his wayward forthgoing out of the ken of men—to return, not Waring, but merely Alfred Domett, a forgotten New Zealand statesman with an unmanageable epic. For Kipling, and not Domett, was to be the Avatar of Vishnu-land.

To myself the Revealer of the East was made plain one day when a curious-looking book came to me from India, bearing a strange imprint, as though Charles Dickens had been inventing names for the publishers of the Orient.

On the sandhills of Colwyn the Elder I lay and read, while a wind from the sea whipped the leaves. I found a new language. I trod among unknown allusions. The East, the skirts of which I had trod, spoke to me for the first time with authentic voice.

For Fortune was good to me. She opened the book at a Jubilee Ode, which, had a careful eye noted the image and superscription thereof, would assuredly not have been read. For who in the later eighties would read Jubilee Odes, compound of the patriotism and the champagne of the day before yesterday?

But this ran on in other fashion. And small wonder it was that staid Anglo-Indians marvelled what snake had crept within the robustly military columns of their favourite journal, and was now hissing at them with erected crest.

"By the well where the bullocks go,
Silent and blind and slow,
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard as the dull earth hears,
The sound of the wind of an hour,
The sound of a great Queen's voice:
'My God hath granted me years,
Hath granted dominion and power,
And I bid you, O land, rejoice!'

* * * *

But the ploughman settled the share
More deep in the grudging clod,
For he saith, 'The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God!'"

* * * *

Thus the words came grimly, solemnly, laden with sympathy for India's inarticulate millions—hopeless, futureless, undesirous even of speech. It is possible that these words, and others in the same set of verses, are oftener remembered by one to whom they told of a new power beginning to be eloquent in the East, than even by the man who wrote them himself.

And there is something here which Mr. Kipling has never yet given rein to—perhaps the preaching strain in the background of his soul. He "believes in God and the angels," like Colonel John Hay's prairie pioneer, and still more perhaps in the Law Inexorable which strikes once and no more. And, in that case, the preaching is sure to come.

Then the grey paper books began to pour, and we laughed and fought with the much-enduring Mulvaney, trained "tarriers and poops" with Jock, longed for London "and the stinks of her" with the Cockney Ortheris.

And we that were of the heather and the salt water were just as mad as the others. The style? queried the critic, whose duty it was to keep his head among the smother of our admiration. Bah! We did not care for the style. It was great story telling—bold, free, effortless. And we found a sentence to fling at the critic too:

"And over the bastions of Fort Amara, broke the pitiless day."

"Better that!" we cried at him.

And then, as Mr. Kipling himself might say, "there was a great silence between the howling of the jackals."

As each succeeding book came to us, it grew clearer that the romance writer of the specialist had come to us. He grasped the mechanism of life—and that not only in the Orient. On the seas he "knew the ropes." Down in the engineer's grimy Inferno who but he had been keeping an eye upon the gauges. Doctors said, "None but a doctor could have known that!" Military men claimed him as a comrade. Mr. Thomas

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Atkins, private in the line, declared him (with the Adjective) to be a time-expired gentleman-ranker. Newspaper men knew him for one who understood how "to fake the paper" when moribund royalty will not die, the premier will not resign, or the wires are down in the North.

Clearer than the events of our last year's holiday lived the tale for us. We opened the pages at random, and so that Mr. Kipling told of India, in a trice we were transported. Wet, weariness, and day-worry were forgotten. In a moment there was blown across our nostrils the acrid whiff of wood smoke—the danker smell of rotting leaves, and of rushing hill torrents that flow from the caverns under—the true Himalaya smell—which, as Mr. Kipling says, when once a man smells, he will surely come back even from the ends of the earth to smell it again ere he die.

Or, as it may happen, we sweltered in the flaring day-long heats on some God-forsaken Indian embankment. We rode about the pinewoods of Simla and watched the star rise over the glacier.

The compact multifarious Indies pushed and shouldered through the tranced pages—Bengali, Sikh, Pathan, men meek of countenance, ghouls fiendish of eye, ill-favoured and treacherous men with long hair from the hills of the horse thieves on the North-Western frontier. We rode a-foraying with the Zukka Kehl, and knew all the while that the alert police officer on the other side of the frontier was going to catch us every time. In which case we should as surely be hanged for the greater glory of Law and Order. And so it ought to be. For when will ever Mr. Kipling give a chance to the horse that never knew a bridle, and the gipsying blood that will call no man master while the world lasts?

But what a new world it was, and what service and thank we owed to the caravels of the Columbus of the East, who pursued Mr. Bret Harte across the prairies and through the gulches, and bore eastward from the Farthest West the secret of its barbaric saga. The pre-Kipling generation had only to glimpse the word "Indian" at the head of an article, or upon the title of a book, to retreat with a boredom that verged upon disgust. Just as the Indian Budget, or indeed Indian discussions generally, cleared the benches in the House of Commons, so the Indian tale, suggesting tiger-shooting and blue books with an occasional Mahatma, was left alone, untended, to die on the waste. It was once indeed permitted to Mr. Marion Crawford; but editors told him not to do it again, and he wisely obeyed them. Now Mr. Kipling changed all that, and the tribes of the East spoke to us authentic, every man in his own tongue. And more than all our hearts are stirred for Tommy Atkins, whether he might be hanged, like Danny Deever, high as Haman in the hollow square of the regiment, or whether he might finish his career in the worthiest way, as a commissaire outside the "Grand Metropole."

"Give him a letter,
Can t do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major, an'—runs with a letter!
Think what he's been,
Think what he's seen,
Think of his pension an'
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

And the faults? To another be the ungracious task, for the drums have begun to roll, and the fever's in the blood.

Mr. Kipling may sometimes be inclined, as Mr. Stevenson says, to the heresy of Cain, in that he would let his brother go to the devil his own way. But I think that oftener he will be ready to square him up, and help him as the friendly private helped Mulvaney, "to preserve his formation," till he lies down among the long grass for his longer rest. For we are inclined to think less of ourselves as it nears the sundown, and as our feet overpass more of "The Long Trail—the Trail that is always new."

If an apprentice at the writing trade may say the word, there are some verses of Mr. Kipling's which have often made him work the willinger and the worthier, so far as work he may.

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"One instant's toil to Thee denied,
Stands all eternity's offence,
Of what I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

"Take not that vision from my ken,
O whatsoe'er may spoil or speed—
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

S. R. Crockett.

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GERMAN AND SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE IN 1894.

I.

I have often wondered whether the Germania one sees in public monuments —a colossal blonde woman, who, with storm-tossed hair and drawn sword, defies creation—is really the German nation's ideal conception of itself. In the time of Goethe and Schiller no artist could have hit upon such a figure without being laughed to scorn. Since 1870, however, it does not occur to any one even to smile, which must be taken as inferential evidence that Germania is fairly typical and appropriate. Her defiance of creation is perceptible enough to any foreigner who may venture to linger in the shadow of her shield. Her magnificent self-assertion, which contrasts so glaringly with the modest self-depreciation of the eighteenth century, is certainly the pervasive note in contemporary German literature. And yet the last quarter of the eighteenth century was a period of great literary achievements, compared to which the last quarter of the nineteenth sinks into insignificance. Never was there since the days of Gottschedd and Hofmannswaldau an age quite so barren of notable performance. There are occurrences, of course, and incidents in letters, as in art and politics, but there are no deeds.

For all that, I venture to assert that, as far as Germany is concerned, there never was a time when the sense of their national importance kindled the blood of her authors with such a jubilant impudence. Read Herman Grimm's delightful *Lectures on Goethe*, wherein he treats the two great Weimar poets as the indispensable forerunners of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71; or, still better, read Professor von Treitschke's *Deutsche Geschichte im 19ten Jahrhundert*, and you will see how patriotism may mount like strong wine even to the soberest brain and distort the most discerning vision. But not only Grimm and Von Treitschke are drunk with German, or should I rather say Prussian, glory. Even a professed pessimist like Karl Bleibtreu, who is said to be kept awake at night by Zola's laurels, is every whit as rampant a *Franzosenfresser* as any junker who has just got his commission in the army. Nay, though you would scarcely believe it, writers whose themes are of a purely scholarly or scientific character rarely neglect the chance to blow a little patriotic fanfaronade every now and then for the edification of their readers.

As a matter of fact, the glorification of the Fatherland is held to be one of those things for which no season can be unsuitable. Take, for instance, the writings of Ernst von Wildenbruch, until recently the most popular of German authors; how they bristle with pugnacity in their exaltation of the house of Hohenzollern and a vainglorious pride of conquest and consciousness of European supremacy! In the dramas *Quitzon* and *The New Master* Wildenbruch is accused of having directly complimented the young Emperor, while in the recently suppressed play *The Major-General* he is said to have offended the august war-lord, whether by implied criticism or by faint praise no one seems to know. But then it is so very easy to offend the war-lord, as another dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, found to his cost when the Berlin Academy awarded the laurel crown to his comedy *The Talisman*, and the Emperor, smarting under its satirical allusions, cancelled the award. Truth to tell, in spite of its innocent fairy lore, *The Talisman* is by no means food for babes. It is a sort of veiled mirror, most ingeniously contrived, in which you see no more or no less than you have the wit to see. You will be amused, even if you see nothing beyond the obvious fairy-tale. But Berlin, which is nothing if not sophisticated, persisted in seeing a good deal more, and broke into a Homeric laugh, which finally reached the New Palace in Potsdam, with the result already noted.

In the domain of belles-lettres the year 1894 has been one of the barrenest of a peculiarly barren era. I cannot put my finger on more than one or two books which bear the stamp of a potent personality or a deep experience. As an evidence of a wide and extraordinarily varied experience, Rudolph Lindau's *Liebesheirathen* fairly takes one's breath away. It seems at first blush marvellous, demonic. There is scarcely a corner of the civilized world where this clever and versatile Hebrew is not

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at home. In Berlin, Paris, London, New York, San Francisco, Shanghai, and Yokohama he knows the best restaurants, the salient types of the population, the slang of the hour, and what in each city corresponds to our Fifth Avenue, the Bowery, and the Tenderloin. In fact, his knowingness is so appalling as to arouse a certain suspicion. If, indeed, his American sketches and characters may be taken as a criterion, his versatility, though certainly remarkable, does not of necessity imply a league with the devil. In the United States it is only the obvious and superficial which has impressed Herr Lindau ; all the subtler and finer nuances have escaped him. Is it not likely that the same was the case in London, Shanghai, and Yokohama? Nevertheless, the six volumes of his collected works make a more than respectable showing and contain some notable and much interesting work.

The veteran novelist, Friedrich Spielhagen, has published a very able and altogether delightful novel in two volumes, entitled *Die Stumme des Himmels*, the second edition of which has just reached me. Spielhagen has here returned to the scene of his earliest triumphs, the North Sea and the Baltic provinces. The theme is a very delicate one, and it is handled with admirable insight and a fine consciousness of its perils. The colours do not fade with the years upon the palette of this vigorous artist. They are fully as fresh and vivid as in *Problematic Characters* and *Hammer and Anvil*, which appeared over thirty years ago ; and they seem to me truer, more authentic, and in deeper accord with reality. I know nothing in Spielhagen's earlier writings which is so steeped in actuality as the description of the life of the Pommeranian country nobility in the second volume. His favourite character from the time of his *début*—the universal heart-smasher—is here a woman, and a governess at that. But she is no romantic heroine of the Jane Eyre type. She is sane, credible, with red blood in her veins ; and we are sorry to take leave of her.

Of the secondary spirits who chew the cud of other people's thought Germany has and has always had a great abundance. I do not by any means intend to disparage them, for their labour is a useful one, and we could ill afford to dispense with them. It is not in Germany alone that the Wagner-soul outnumbers a hundred thousand times the Faust-soul. And not infrequently it is a very superior type of mind which reveals itself in the interpretation of other and greater minds. Professor B. Litzmann, for instance, who has published a most admirable bit of analysis of the latest movement in the German drama, *Das Deutsche Drama in den litterarischen Bewegungen der Gegenwart*, is a man of modern sympathies, and what he says concerning Sudermann, Wildenbruch, and Hauptmann is exceedingly illuminating. Creizenach's *Geschichte des neueren Dramas* has a wider scope, but is for all that a less vital book. Dr. Georg Brandes' *Ferdinand Lassalle* (which appeared in Danish in 1881) has at last found a German translator, and will, no doubt, find a large public among the Socialists ; for Brandes, though he dislikes to be classified and irretrievably bracketed with anybody, is in fact a far more extreme Socialist than was even Lassalle, judging by his latest utterances. I should not hesitate to call him a *Katheder anarchist*, which is a species by no means unknown in Germany. His book *Shelley and Lord Byron*, which is merely a reprint of the fourth volume of the *Hauptströmungen in der Litteratur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, confirms and emphasises his position as a mild-mannered, pseudo-philosophical buccaneer, who is conversing most brilliantly on deck in order to divert your attention while his crew underneath is scuttling the ship.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

The copy of Mr. Aldrich's poems, which lies on a table in the parlour of his Boston home, has on a fly-leaf an inscription, "To my wife, Lilian, after seventeen happy years with her. November 28th, 1882." On the next blank sheet are written the following lines :

"Two things there are with memory will abide
Whatever else befall—while life flows by ;
That soft, cold hand-touch at the altar side ;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry."

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

By the Author of "A Cluster of Nuts," "Cuckoo Songs," etc.

It is now nearly ten years ago since I published a small volume of verse, which was strongly tinctured with my admiration for the work of the Rossettis, brother and sister. Dante Rossetti was three years dead, but I had only recently become acquainted with his poems and was full of fervour about him. Some one suggested I should send the little book to Mr. William Rossetti, which I did; and this led to Miss Rossetti seeing the book, which, by the way, I had accompanied by a letter full of young enthusiasm about the brother who was so dear to them. A second copy, sent direct to Miss Rossetti, was acknowledged by the gift of her *Time Flies*, and a very gracious letter full of her characteristic humility. "Beyond all *gifts*," she wrote, "I account *graces*, and if you have honoured my form by thinking it worth imitating, much more may I your spirit." Some further letters passed between us, for with the egoism of youth I kept sending her my callow productions, and the following winter, when I was in London, I visited her several times. The first time I came, in the winter twilight, old Mrs. Rossetti, then well over eighty, was present, and was as interested as anybody in the fervent lover of their dear Gabriel. She sat by the fire in a big chair, her eyes quite bright and alert, and listened to my raptures, and if she failed to catch what I said, turned to Christina who repeated it for her. She had still the remains of the noble beauty which is in her son's portraits of her, and struck me as looking a really great old woman. I remember the gesture with which she turned to her daughter, laying a fine old hand on hers. "My affectionate Christina," she said. Miss Rossetti somewhat disappointed my sentimental ideas of her, because, at that time, she was so much more brisk and cheerful than I expected. I must have said something of the sort to her, for she said: "I was a very melancholy girl; but now I am a very cheerful old woman." I used to think that she laid this cheerfulness upon herself as a duty, thinking perhaps, like Dante, that sadness was one of the sins. Cheerfulness in that house seemed a little discordant. Entering it you felt the presence of very old age, a silence that draped and muffled the house. It was not like any other silence—the silence of a convent, for instance, broken only by the tinkle of a bell and the rapid *swish* of a habit. It was heavy and seemed to darken, as well as to muffle sound. At that time Miss Rossetti was devoting herself to the care of her two aunts, the Misses Polidori, as well as her mother, and they were all three approaching their century. It must have been sad for her, however love sweetened her task.

After a little while Mrs. Rossetti grew tired, and her daughter assisted her to her bedroom, asking me to wait for her return. When she came back she lit the candles on the mantelshelf and showed me some relics of her brother. "You would have been charmed by our dear Gabriel," she said; "so many were charmed and so many remember him." His sketches, and photographs of his pictures, were all about the walls. I remember especially a pencil-drawing of his beautiful young wife. I think she was asleep in an arm-chair. "Poor little Lizzie," Miss Rossetti called her. She also told me that when she and Mrs. Morris appeared at an evening party, both being brides, no one could say which was the more beautiful, the fair or the dark beauty. "Lizzie was so graceful," she said.

She told me she had few visitors from the outside world, except now and again an American, Americans being great admirers of her poetry, and probably unaware of her cloistered habits. She spoke of Mrs. Piatt's poetry, which at that time I scarcely knew, and then or some other time she also spoke of Mrs. Meynell's poetry with admiration. She did not read many new books, unless they were sent to her by the writers. But the old books she loved. She was especially fond of *Cranford*, and when she found I had not read it she pressed upon me her own copy, an old one bound in the original brown cloth, and with an inscription "from her affection-

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ate uncle G. Polidori." I remember how she sat running over the chapters and laughing here and there at bits she well knew and loved. I carried off on that or some other evening not only this very precious *Cranford*, but also Miss Rossetti's umbrella, for it came on to rain suddenly.

The following spring old Mrs. Rossetti died, and I think her death snapped her daughter's strongest link with life. I still heard from her occasionally. In April, 1888, she wrote, "Advancing age and ailing health tell upon me. I am not strong, and I am more than content not to be strong." I saw her again the following year. It was a wet August evening, and London at its most melancholy. She talked then chiefly about my own concerns, but I noticed that the brisk cheerfulness which had disappointed me on my last visit had departed. She was allowing herself to grow old.

I only saw her once afterwards, in the autumn of 1893. I heard from her occasionally and, as she spoke of herself as an invalid, I did not like to intrude upon her. When I asked her if I might come that once she assented cordially. It was the only day I saw the house quite bright and sunny. Miss Rossetti was lying on a sofa, but stood up to receive me, welcoming me with great kindness. She only lay down again at my earnest request. I did not think she looked ill. She was always in my knowledge of her colourless, as a person who kept the house much and led a sedentary life. She kept the strong spiritual beauty of the face her brother painted as the young Mary, predestined to superhuman sorrows. Her great heavy-lidded eyes always seemed to me of peculiar significance, perhaps because the only other woman I knew who had those great lids was also strangely heroic and strangely spiritual. I sat by her couch while she talked with her old kindly human interest in my affairs. I wanted to write something about her then. She would not forbid me, and was even ready to help me, but divining a reluctance in her I suddenly burst out in an assurance that I would write nothing. She was quite pleased and grateful. "I should not be myself," she said; "it is like sitting for a photograph, where one puts one's self in unnatural poses. I don't like the custom of interviewing, because it leads to self-consciousness, and the interviewed person is always turning out the best side for the public. *Now* we can talk easily and naturally." When I was leaving she said again: "Thank you for giving up the idea of writing about me. When I am gone will be time enough." That was my last speech with her.

Now that she is gone our thought of her is Cowley's thought of Crashaw in heaven:

"Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine;
Equal society with them to hold
Thou need'st not make new songs but say the old."

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

SONG.

Alas! no more, no more!
The rose that bloom'd is dead;
The summer morn
Will not return,
Once and forever fled!

Alas! alas! no more!
We shall not meet again,
Tho' sea and shore
I wander o'er,
Tho' mountain, vale and plain!
The seas shall wash the mountain-tops,
Ere we two meet again!

George Douglas.

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FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH ESSAY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

We are enabled to give the following extracts from an essay written by Charlotte Brontë, in French, on *The Death of Moses*. The essay, an exercise given her by M. Héger during her stay in Brussels, has not hitherto been published. After telling how Moses at the end of his life received the command of God to climb Mount Nebo, and how he blessed one by one the twelve tribes, the narrative proceeds :—

"Et maintenant c'est le soir, le soleil s'approche de l'horizon, son disque en feu jette sur les plaines de Moab des reflets de rubis ; sur ces plaines les tribus Hébreues se sont campées, mais à cette heure le camp est solitaire ; quelques chameaux et quelques dromédaires seuls broutent l'herbe, chacun près de la tente de son maître. Le tabernacle même est abandonné ; il s'élève majestueux et vaste au milieu des pavillons blancs, mais ni lévite ni prêtre n'y reste, le feu s'éteigne sur l'autel, et l'arche a pour tout gardien le cherubin sculpté qui la couvre de ses ailes. Un pauvre lépreux rôde autour du lieu consacré, n'osant pas y entrer, et prêt à s'enfuir au premier bruit qui annoncera le retour du peuple. Où est donc ce peuple? Traversons cette plaine déserte, d'où le son des trompettes et des cymbales hébreues a chassé la gazelle et le zèbre, approchons-nous de cette montagne, la plus saillante de toute la chaine dont les cimes bleues bornent l'horizon de l'orient. Quelle ombre noire enceint la base? Est-ce un bois d'oliviers ou de cèdres? Approchons-nous de plus près ; c'est une vaste foule, toute une nation réunie, cinq cent milles hommes, sans compter les femmes et les enfants ; c'est la congrégation des Israëlites, guerriers et prêtres et femmes. Quel évènement attend-t on? Sur quel objet tous les regards sont-ils fixés? Les guerriers ont oté leurs casques, les prêtres leurs mitres, et les femmes leurs voiles, et tous lèvent la tête vers le sommet de Nébo. Sur ce sommet plane un nuage, le seul qui obscurcit ce ciel de saphir ; un nuage rougeâtre, chargé d'éclairs ; une colonne de vapeur qui semble prête à se transformer en une colonne de feu. C'est là une mystique qui voile Jehovah, le saint symbole qui a guidé Israël à travers le désert ; ce soir il couronne Mont Nébo comme la flamme couronne l'autel ; on disait que des rites solennels vont se célébrer, qu'un grand sacrifice se prépare ; où donc est la victime? Un homme gravit la côte de la montagne, seul et enveloppé d'un manteau ; c'est un vieillard, on voit reluire au soleil son front chauve et ses cheveux blancs : mais est-ce bien un rayon de soleil, cette gloire qui de loin brille comme une étoile sur ses tempes? Couvrez-vous les yeux, baissez la tête ; cette gloire, c'est le reflet de la divinité ; cet homme c'est Moïse !"

Then comes an excursion into biblical criticism. Are we to interpret the narrative literally, and believe Moses to have been actually face to face with God, or as an allegory? Her answer is decisive :—

"Questions inutiles, doutes que la Raison propose parcequ'elle est incapable de comprendre les mystères de la Révélation ; si l'homme n'avait qu'elle pour guide, il n'atteindrait jamais au ciel ; l'orgueil embarrasse ses ailes, c'est un poids qui l'empêche de monter. Heureusement la Foi lui vient en aide, ange au regard humble, mais au vol élevé, séraphin, dont l'essor parvient au septième ciel et au trône de l'Eternel même. Vues des yeux de la Raison, les merveilles de l'ancien Testament présentent une mythologie sévère, obscure, incroyable, mais aussitôt que la Foi se penche sur la volume, aussitôt qu'elle lève sa lampe sur la page ténébreuse, tout devient clair. Qui croit en Dieu et dans sa fonction créatrice, croira facilement en la vérité litérale de l'histoire miraculeuse des Juifs ; la violation des lois de la Nature n'offre pour lui aucune difficulté : il se dit : 'Celui qui créa la Nature, et qui en régla les lois, peut bien les modifier, les changer, les anéantir selon sa volonté.' Suivons donc Moïse lorsqu'il gravit Mont Nébo, et que ni doute ni scrupule n'arrête pas nos pas.

"Il a gagné le sommet, il a perdu de vue la multitude ; une solitude entière, un silence absolu l'entoure. Les crêtes noires des cèdres s'inclinent à ses pieds, un ciel pur et bleu est au-dessus de sa tête ; devant lui parait le nuage consacré, immobile et seul, laissant échapper de temps en temps des exhalaisons électriques qui disparaissent sans bruit. Le prophète attend, la Nature attend aussi."

* * * * *

"C'est le moment où le soleil se couche ; ses derniers rayons brillent d'un éclat à la fois doux et resplendissant, répandant partout des clairs roses et vermeils ; ces clairs magiques teignent la vaste plaine qui se déroule aux pieds de Pisgah, plaine fertile, arrosée par les ondes d'un fleuve, ombrée de forêts touffues dont les longues allées s'avancent dans cette mer de verdure comme des promontoires dans l'océan. De grands troupeaux peuplent ces savanes ; par çi, par là un taureau majestueux, un taureau de Bashan se repose sous un grand arbre isolé ; de loin s'élèvent les murs fortifiés d'une ville ; des domes, des tours, et les terrasses et les colonnes d'un immense palais, bâti en marbre blanc, se dessinent contre un ciel d'azur, le tout encadré en une guirlande de jardins et de palmiers. Plus près, on voit dans la plaine quelques tentes et une fontaine ombrée aussi de palmiers ; des jeunes filles y puisent de l'eau ; elle sont vêtues en costumes asiatiques, et des perles brillent sur leurs bras et sur leurs cous bruns, et dans leurs cheveux noirs.

"Scène tranquille, mais profanée de l'image hideuse d'une idole ; la fontaine et le bocage de palmiers sont consacrés à Moloch ; il y lève sa tête monstrueuse, et les jeunes filles, en quittant la source, flèchent le genou devant son autel.

"Moïse a tout vu, la campagne riche, la ville

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superbe, le culte idolatre ; il a ressenti la joie de l'Hébreu qui voit l'héritage de son peuple, la triomphe du chef dont les efforts sont couronnés de succès, les regrets amèrs de l'homme condamné à mourir au moment où la vie lui offre le plus de charme. Un instant suffit pour la naissance et l'extinction de tous ces sentiments, car une nouvelle impression toute autrement puissante est venue s'emparer de son âme.

"Debout sur Pisgah son œil parcourt la plaine de Jericho et plonge dans la vallée de Zoar ; cet œil s'allume, on voit à son éirncelle subite qu'autre chose qu'un beau paysage s'est offert à ses regards. Là-bas, s'élevant dans le creux du vallon, s'étendant sur la surface de la plaine, les fantômes de l'Avenir se révèlent aux yeux du prophète ; le Futur écarte les nuages dont il aime à entourer son empire de ténèbres et laisse pénétrer d'un rayon du Présent ses mystères obscurs. Les races, les siècles, les dynasties passent en revue à ses pieds."

* * * * *

"Traçant de génération en génération la décadence de Zion, Moïse arrive enfin à sa ruine. Le sceptre de la suprématie a passé de l'Asie en Europe ; le diadème de l'empire universel orne le front de l'Italie. Rome, devenue reine du monde, mais toujours aussi avare de conquête que lorsque, jeune Amazone, pleine de fougue et d'ambition, elle suivait Romulus dans ses guerres barbares et ne possédait d'autre bien que son arc et son carquois, d'autre territoire qu'un champ dont l'étendue était mesurée par un peau de taureau coupée en tranches, Rome se lève un instant de son trône, basé sur sept montagnes, et étendant le bras sur l'Adriatique et l'Ægéan, écrase le palmier de Judée, déjà affaissé par mille tempêtes. D'où vient l'extase qui, à cette crise terrible, éclate sur la figure de Moïse? Il joigne les mains, il lève les yeux, et un transport indicible rayonne sur son front. La révélation s'est changée ; il a vu passer à travers le ciel et s'arrêter à un point fixe, une étoile mystérieuse ; le ciel s'est entreouvert et une vision glorieuse s'est révélée : des formes blanches et ailées lui ont entouré ; des voix celestes lui ont annoncée une grande joie pour toute la terre, et après que les anges se sont retirés d'avec lui dans les nues, il a vu, entre les astres et la terre, une forme de femme, tenant dans ses bras un Enfant. Son âme a reconnu le Messie, il murmure les paroles de Simeon, 'Seigneur, tu laisses maintenant aller ton serviteur en paix, car mes yeux ont vu ton salut que tu a préparé pour être présenté à tous les peuples, pour être la lumière qui doit éclairer toutes les nations, et la gloire de ton peuple d'Israel.'

"Dans cet élan l'âme s'est échappée du corps, Moïse a cessé de vivre."

Translation of Extracts.

"And now it is evening ; the sun is nearing the horizon ; its fiery disc throws ruby lights on the plains of Moab ; on these plains are the Hebrew tribes encamped, but now the camp is solitary ; a few camels and dromedaries only are browsing on the grass, each near the tent of its master. Even the tabernacle is abandoned. Majestic and vast it rises in the midst of the white pavilions, but neither Levite nor priest is there, the fire has died out on the altar, and one only guardian of the Ark is the carven cherubin hiding it with its wings. A poor leper hovers round the holy place, not daring to enter, and ready to flee away at the first sound announcing the return of the people. Where, then, are the people? Let us cross that deserted plain, whence the sound of the Hebrew trumpets and cymbals has chased the gazelle and the zebra, and draw nigh unto that mountain, the most prominent of all the chain whose blue peaks bound the horizon on the East. What is that dark shadow encircling the base? Is it an olive or a cedar wood? Come nearer. It is a vast crowd, the whole nation gathered together, five hundred thousand men, without counting the women and the children ; it is the congregation of the Israelites, warriors, priests, and women. What are they waiting for? What are they gazing at? The warriors have taken off their helmets, the priests their mitres, and the women their veils, and the head of every one is lifted to the summit of Nebo. Above the summit floats a cloud, the only one darkening the sapphire sky, a reddish cloud stored with lightnings, a pillar of cloud which seems ready to change into a pillar of fire. It is the mystic cloud that veils Jehovah, the holy sign that has guided Israel across the desert. To-night it crowns Mount Nebo as the flame crowns the altar. Everything looks as if solemn rites were to be celebrated, and a great sacrifice were preparing. Where then is the victim? A man ascends the mountain-side alone, and wrapt in a cloak. He is old ; you can see his bald forehead shining in the sun, and his white hair. But is it in truth a ray of sun, that glory which from far flashes like a star on his temple? Hide your eyes, bend your head ; that glory reflects divinity. The man is Moses."

* * * * *

"Vain questions—doubts suggested by Reason because it is incapable of understanding the mysteries of revelation ; if man had only it for guide he would never reach heaven ; pride weights his wings with a load that hinders his ascent. Happily, faith comes to his aid, angel of the downcast eyes but upward aim, seraphim whose flight reaches unto the seventh heaven, and to the very throne of the eternal. Seen by the eyes of reason, the marvels of the Old Testament present a mythology severe, obscure, hard to believe. But as soon as Faith bends over the volume, and raises her lamp on the dark page, all becomes light. Whoever believes in God and in His creative function, will easily believe in the literal truth of the miraculous history of the Jews ; the violation of the laws of nature presents no difficulty to him ; he says to himself : 'He who created Nature, and who regulates its laws, can easily modify them, change them, annihilate them, according to His will.' Let us then follow Moses when he ascends Mount Nebo, and let neither doubt nor scruple arrest our steps.

"He has reached the summit, has lost sight of the multitude ; a complete solitude, an absolute silence surround him. The dark tops of the cedars bow at his feet, a clear blue sky is above his head ; before him appears the sacred cloud, motionless and lonely, from which escape from time to time electric exhalations that vanish in silence. The prophet waits ; Nature also waits."

* * * * *

The sun is setting ; its last rays shine with great brilliancy, at once soft and resplendent,

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shedding over all pink and vermilion lights ; these magic lights dye the vast plain which rolls at the base of Pisgah, a fertile plain watered by the waves of a river, and shaded by thick forests, into which sea of verdure long avenues are thrown out like headlands into the ocean. These great savannahs are alive with herds ; here and there a great bull, a bull of Bashan, rests by itself under a huge tree ; far away rise the fortified walls of a town ; domes, towers, terraces, the columns of an immense palace, built of white marble, are defined against the azure sky, the whole framed in a garland of gardens and palm-trees. Nearer you may see on the plain a few tents and a fountain shaded also by palms. Young maidens are drawing water ; they are clad in Asiatic raiment, and beads shine on their brown arms and necks, and in their black hair.

"It is a peaceful scene, but it is profaned by the hideous image of an idol ; the well and the palm grove are sacred to Moloch ; there he raises his horrible head, and the maidens, when they leave the spring, bend the knee before his altar.

"Moses has seen all—the rich country, the superb city, the idolatrous worship ; his has been the joy of the Hebrew who sees the heritage of his people, his the triumph of the chief whose efforts are crowned with success, his the bitter regrets of the man condemned to die just when life offers him most enjoyment. One moment is enough for the birth and the extinction of all these feelings, for a new impression far more powerful takes possession of him.

"Standing on Pisgah, his eye travels over the plain of Jericho and plunges into the valley of Zoar ; it lights up, its sudden sparkle shows that something other than a fair landscape is absorbing him. Yonder, rising out of the hollow of the valley, extending over the face of the plain, the phantoms of the Future are visible to the prophet's eye ; the Future scatters the clouds with which it loves to surround its empire of darkness, and lets a ray of the Present pierce its obscure mysteries. Races, ages, dynasties, pass in review at his feet."

* * * * *

"Tracing from generation to generation the decay of Zion, Moses reaches at last its ruin. The sceptre of supremacy has passed from Asia to Europe ; the diadem of universal empire adorns the brow of Italy. Rome is queen of the world, but is still as greedy of conquest as when, a young Amazon, full of fire and ambition, she followed Romulus in his barbaric wars and owned nothing but her bow and quiver, no territory but a field whose extent was measured by a bull's hide cut in strips. Rome rising an instant from her throne built on the seven hills, and stretching her arm over the Adriatic and the Ægean, crushes the palm of Judah bruised already by a thousand storms. Whence comes the ecstasy which, at this terrible crisis, shines forth in the face of Moses ? He clasps his hands, lifts his eyes, and an indescribable joy shines on his forehead. The revelation has changed ; he has seen passing across the sky, and stopping at a fixed point, a mysterious star ; the sky opens and a glorious vision is revealed ; white-winged forms surround him ; heavenly voices announce to him a great joy for the whole earth ; and after the angels have withdrawn from him into the clouds, he sees between the stars and the earth, the form of a woman holding in her arms a child. His soul has recognised the Messiah ; he murmurs Simeon's words, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared for all peoples, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel.'

"In this ecstasy the soul escapes from the body. Moses is no more."

LONDON LETTER.

Literature in the English Dailies.

A marked and honourable feature of British journalism in recent years is the increased prominence given to literature. Literary notes, reviews of new books, and matter of a similar kind now fill pages where once they did not fill columns. The honour of the new departure, so far as the London press is concerned, must be given to the *Daily Chronicle*. When that vigorous journal came into the hands of Mr. Fletcher, he resolved to devote every day the larger part of a page to literature. He has found the experiment successful in every way, the number of his readers has greatly increased, publishers have used his advertising columns, and the *Daily Chronicle* is the paper taken in by most men and women of letters. For some time the literary page in the *Daily Chronicle* was under the special direction of Mr. H. W. Massingham, one of the most brilliant and venturesome of London journalists. Mr. Massingham has strong political convictions of an advanced kind, which he advocated in the *Star*, but his literary knowledge and sympathy are also wide, and he edited his department very successfully until the attraction of politics proved too much for him. Since then Mr. Henry Norman has been in charge. Certainly there has been no falling off in variety and interest. Mr. Norman is a cosmo-

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politan ; he was educated in America, and was the friend of its leading writers. He has travelled over the world, and there must be few subjects of which he does not know more than the average man. But his supreme passion is for literature, and he has accumulated one of the finest collections of first editions, particularly of American books, I have ever seen. The most enviable is perhaps his copy of *The Scarlet Letter*, the first printed. It was given by Hawthorne to his sister-in-law, the late Miss Peabody, who presented it to Mr. Norman. Among his reviewers are some of the best English writers. Perhaps the most vivacious is Mr. William Archer, whose pen may be often recognized. For sane, well-balanced, careful work there are few to equal Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, a critic who never willingly wounds a writer, who is never insolent, never unfair, who, in short, need not fear to have everything he writes signed. Mr. Noble has long been the principal reviewer of novels in the *Spectator*, but I think his best work appears in the *Chronicle*. I might name many others who are occasional contributors, among them men like Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Hubert Bland, and Dr. R. F. Horton, the well-known Nonconformist minister, who writes many of the theological criticisms. Mr. Norman is, himself, a frequent contributor, and he never writes anything which does not show special information. He is particularly successful in the collection of literary news. In the freshness and variety of its literary paragraphs there is no daily newspaper to touch the *Chronicle*—in fact, Mr. Norman's enterprise inflicts much undeserved pain on the editors of the literary journals.

The *Times* has, of late, shown much more energy and catholicity in its literary department. It publishes long articles entitled "Books of the Week." They are written by Mr. James R. Thursfield, an accomplished scholar, who formerly was one of the *Times* leader-writers. Mr. Thursfield is understood to be a Home-ruler, and now prefers to devote himself to reviewing. His work is, unquestionably, well done, but it can hardly be called specialist work. It gives the impressions formed by a busy and highly cultivated man of the new books which come into his hand, and that is all. The *Times* often publishes special reviews, but they cannot be said to rise above the average of the daily press. Among the new writers whom the *Times* has taken into favour is the lady who writes under the name of M. E. Francis. I had the pleasure of examining some of her first work, and have watched with pleasure her gradual rise into popularity. She is to write the first serial story ever published by the *Times ;* it is to appear in the *Times* weekly edition.

The *Daily News* has, all through its history, enjoyed a good literary reputation, and many of its readers were surprised that it did not earlier follow the example of its rival, the *Daily Chronicle*, in giving additional pages, and devoting one of them to literature. At last it has done so. The editor of the literary page is Mr. John Macdonald, an Aberdeen graduate, who has long been on the staff of the *Daily News*. Occasionally good reviews are printed, especially those by Mr. Lang, who has for many years been a leader-writer in the paper. News is also given, but it is very rarely fresh. As time goes on this department of the *Daily News* will doubtless be very much strengthened.

The London evening papers give considerable space to literature. The *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Astor's proprietorship has gone in for "slating" reviews, after the manner of the old *National Observer*. They are often clever and entertaining. Among the writers are several members of Mr. Henley's former staff in the *National Observer*, including Mr. Charles Whibley. It would be unjust to say that the *Pall Mall Gazette* goes in for slating for slating's sake ; its reviews, as a rule, are quite honest and unprejudiced. Some of them, however, might with great advantage have been omitted, particularly the savage attack on Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby*. The note of the *Westminster Gazette* is fairness, sanity, courtesy. While the paper is lively enough, and can say a smart thing on occasion, there is a steady and scrupulous endeavour on the part of its conductors to be just. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Ashcroft Noble should be a leading contributor of reviews. There are many other writers, Mr. Archer among them, and their work invariably repays the reader. The *Star* publishes criticisms

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signed by Mr. Le Gallienne, and the *Sun* has for its principal reviewer Mr. Arthur Waugh. The *Echo* also devotes considerable attention to literary matters, giving many items of information in its news columns.

While I hope I do justice to the great merits of the London daily press, there can be no doubt in my opinion that by far the ablest daily journal from a literary point of view is the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a source of wonder that its literary criticisms are so little known in London. The *Guardian*, alone among daily newspapers, puts every work into the hand of a specialist. When it is necessary that a criticism of a large new book should be published the day after it is received, it is difficult to get thorough critical work. The *Guardian* is not so quick as some of its contemporaries, but its readers can afford to wait. No such series of able, impartial, scholarly criticisms appear in any English journal so far as I know. That is not the most wonderful thing. The editor has contrived to secure a certain uniformity of style on the part of his contributors. No one but an editor can know how difficult this is. From the style one would imagine that all the *Manchester Guardian* criticisms were written by one pen; but as no omniscient being exists on the face of the earth, one cannot believe that. The gentleman mainly responsible is, I believe, Mr. Arnold, a brother of Mrs. Humphry Ward. He is assisted by Mr. Saintsbury, who is, on the whole, the best of our literary critics. Mrs. Ward's sister, Miss Ethel Arnold, is also a contributor, but the *Guardian* depends mainly upon specialists all over the country. The late Professor Freeman was among its principal reviewers.

I have no space to do justice to the merits of other great provincial papers, including the *Liverpool Mercury*, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Yorkshire Post*, and the *Leeds Mercury*.

The Scotch papers have for many years devoted much space and care to literature. In the *Scotsman* the review department is under the care of Mr. M'Neil. It supplies prompt and genial notices of all new books, and is greatly valued by publishers, as may be easily seen from the advertising columns. The editor of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Charles A. Cooper, is a brilliant and remarkable writer, with a keen interest in literature. For long he contributed extensively to this part of his paper, and his hand may still be recognized occasionally. He is one of the warmest admirers of Mr. Hall Caine, and has written with enthusiasm of his books, particularly of "The Manxman." The *Glasgow Herald* is also strong in reviews. The assistant-editor, Mr. William Wallace, a brother of Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P., is one of the ablest contributors to the *Spectator*, and at his best is inferior to very few British critics. His review of Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls*, in the *Spectator*, was the turning-point in the fortunes of that book. And this is by no means the only service to literature of which Mr. Wallace can boast. The other Scotch dailies, the *Glasgow Mail*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *Aberdeen Free Press*, have also a good record in this department. A general survey shows that the state of things is satisfactory and promising. There are certain weak points; for one, the demand for immediate reviews results in inferior work. I have often thought that readers should be satisfied in the first instance with an account of important new books, and that later on a carefully balanced estimate should be given. There are also, perhaps, disadvantages arising from the increased intercourse of literary men, and the practical disappearance of anonymity. But, on the whole, they are less serious than might be thought. It is difficult enough to boom a good book; to boom a bad book is, I should say, impossible.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, Jan. 15, 1895.

In the introduction to the late Professor Minto's *Literature of the Georgian Era*, Dr. Nicoll contributes some reminiscences, in which he says that Minto was always on the outlook for new writers, and Mr. Theodore Watts and Mr. Edmund Gosse were among the young critics he brought forward. His favourite theme was the young writers of the day. "For Mr. Barrie," says Dr. Nicoll, "whom he first met under my roof, he had a warm admiration, but I think he expected most from Mr. Quiller-Couch. I sent him Mr. Couch's poems for review in THE BOOKMAN, and it was, I believe, the last book read to him."

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NEW BOOKS.

TWO HISTORIES OF LITERATURE.*

A rare occasion it is which brings to the reader's hands within a few weeks of each other two histories of literature as typical as these volumes by M. Lanson and Mr. Robertson. It is not too much to say that they are model books; for the French work is a model of all that a history of literature ought to be, and the British work is a model of all that a history of literature ought not to be. Indeed, one may even go a step farther and declare that M. Lanson's history of French literature is a good book of the right kind, and that Mr. Robertson's history of English literature is a bad book of the wrong kind.

To write a satisfactory history of literature is to accomplish a most difficult feat—a feat, indeed, so difficult that the number of those who have accomplished it in any modern language in the past half century may almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Taine's great work is inspiring, invigorating, indispensable; but those who respect it the most would hesitate long before calling it wholly satisfactory. Ticknor's solid tomes set forth the story of Spanish literature quite as solidly and far more soberly—perhaps, indeed, too soberly to be stimulating.

The most satisfactory of recent histories of literature are two primers, the marvellous little books into which Mr. Stopford Brooke and Professor Jebb managed somehow to pack not only the salient facts of English literature and Greek literature, but also to get not a little of the essential spirit of English and Greek character. Inasmuch as a national literature at its best is but the expression of the national life, what any history of that literature should do is to make the reader see and understand and feel that life. Dates and facts and anecdotes are needed, of course, but they are not prime necessities; the one thing needful is such a presentation of literature as will show it alive and living with its own life; such a presentation as will set forth its growth and its development; such a presentation as will arouse in the reader a strong desire to know the literature for himself and as will send him straight from the mere history to the actual books themselves.

It is a work of this kind that M. Lanson has written. His book is worthy of comparison with the very best histories of literature. It has the knowledge, the scholarship, the depth, the insight which we find in Mr. Brooke's little book and in Professor Jebb's; while the larger scale on which his volume is planned has allowed him to make his history far richer and more rounded than theirs could be under the limitations imposed on them. M. Lanson's book is actually a history of French literature from its earliest beginnings to its latest decadents and symbolists; and it is not merely a collection of biographies of authors, as are so many books purporting to be histories of literature. M. Lanson even goes so far as to relegate to a footnote the formal biography of every author whose works he considers and whose influence on the development of French literature he sets forth at length. It is the evolution of literary art in France that M. Lanson has taken for his theme; and he traces this evolution with exact logic, with unfailing freshness, and with contagious interest. The readers feel that M. Lanson is discussing French literature because he loves it, and they see the reasons for his affection. Space fails here to dwell on the details of M. Lanson's scheme or on the excellent mechanical execution of the book. There is an abundance of bibliographical information; the best editions are pointed out as well as the best biographies and the best critical studies. There are also an elaborate and most useful chronological table, an ample index, and a full analytical table of contents.

In marked contrast to a history of literature like Mr. Brooke's, Professor Jebb's, and M. Lanson's, intended to stimulate the student and to help him to enjoy the writings of great authors,

* Histoire de la Littérature Française. Par Gustave Lanson, Professeur de rhétorique au Lycée Louis-le-Grand, Docteurès lettres. Paris: Librairie Hachette; New York: Drysen & Pfeiffer.

A History of English Literature for Secondary Schools. By J. Logie Robertson, M.A., First English Master Edinburgh Ladies' College. Edinburgh: Blackwood; New York: Harpers.

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and to see for himself how the literary art grew to maturity, is a book written "to meet the requirements" of classes in British schools "in their preparation for the Leaving Certificate, the University Local, and other Public Examinations." This is what Mr. Logie Robertson's *History of English Literature* is. It is a mere cram-book, intended to help a student to memorize a lot of names and titles and dates, so that he can pass an examination without really knowing anything about the subject. So far from arousing any interest in books, so far from inciting a student to any reading for himself, a volume of this kind tends to deaden all liking for literature. If a schoolboy can be kept long enough over work of this sort, he will come to hate the sight of a book. He may pick up a few second-hand opinions about certain authors, but he will not be helped to any grasp of the principles of literary art.

Not only is Mr. Logie Robertson's book wholly mistaken in its scheme, it is also grossly deficient in its execution. It is clumsy and muddled in its arrangement; it lacks proportion; and it abounds in blunders of omission and of commission. The account of Shakespeare exhibits a total lack of understanding of Shakespeare's position or of his merits. The account of Fielding suggests a doubt whether Mr. Robertson has ever read *Tom Jones*, so beside the mark is his criticism. He gives a page to Aytoun and only four lines to Clough. He gives three lines to Rossetti and five to Mr. Robert Buchanan! He gives three lines to the poetry of Mr. Theodore Watts, and he does not give the ballads of Mr. Rudyard Kipling a single line. He gives more than two pages to Lord Beaconsfield, and less than six lines to Miss Austen. In nothing is Mr. Robertson's incompetence revealed more clearly than in his treatment of American authors. He discusses Charles Reade in half a page, and he dismisses Nathaniel Hawthorne in six lines,—the same number he gives to John Galt. He grants six lines also to Mr. George Saintsbury, and the same to Mr. Edmund Gosse, both working men of letters of to-day, while four lines is all he can spare for Thoreau, and eight all he can devote to Poe. The evil effects of subordinating all education to a system of examinations have often been dwelt on, and nowhere to-day are those bad results more obvious than in Great Britain. That such a history of English literature as Mr. Robinson's should be written is one of the worst of them.

Brander Matthews.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.*

We may now consider that we have Mr. Bryce's great work before us in its permanent form. From first to last it embodies the results of about twenty-five years of close observation and thorough study. Taken as a whole, it may be said to include at once a critical analysis, a descriptive view, and a philosophical estimate of American political and social institutions for the period extending from the close of the great Civil War to the opening of the twentieth century. It must always remain as the one great contemporaneous recital and interpretation of the essential facts about the working of our constitutional system and about the characteristics of our civilisation. Other works deal ably and brilliantly with certain themes and phases. The future historian may endeavour, from his different time-point, to produce a work covering this same field and period; but there can be no dispossession of Mr. Bryce's place and tenure.

The American Commonwealth may indeed claim distinction on a further ground. So far as we are aware there exists for no other country a similarly complete and authoritative summing up of the national life and character. An American like Mr. John Fiske, if he were disposed to bestow the necessary time and labour, might prepare a book of similar scope upon British institutions. Such an observer as the late Professor Émile de Laveleye, of Belgium, might have given us a work of comparable method and range upon the contemporaneous political and social institutions that belong to the French people. But in point of fact, such works—complete, authoritative, impartial, and objective, while sufficiently sympathetic—have not been produced.

Mr. Bryce's first edition of *The American Commonwealth* appeared in 1888. It is evidence of the sane judgments and

* The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce, M.P. Third edition, completely revised throughout, with additional chapters. 2 vols., 8vo. New York: Macmillan & Co. $4.00.

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sound proportions characterising the work as thus first given to the public, that this latest edition of 1895, though subjected to an unsparing process of critical revision—in the light of all the published criticisms, and with the advice of the best living authorities—contains so few changes that modify any generalisation or that correct any mistaken deduction or unwarranted line of argument. The changes to be noted in the revised edition are chiefly by way of inclusion of new chapters and the enlargement of others. The first volume, which is devoted to the national, State, and local governments, has been brought up to date in its citations of statistics and in a great number of illustrative notes and detailed allusions. But otherwise its variations from the first edition are merely such as give added evidence of the thorough workmanship which lends confidence to everything that proceeds from Mr. Bryce's pen. The second volume contains four main divisions: (1) The Party System; (2) Public Opinion; (3) Illustrations and Reflections; (4) Social Institutions. Under the first heading, the chapter upon elections and their machinery has been much revised, because the election laws of a majority of the States have undergone, through the introduction of the Australian system, so general a revolution since Mr. Bryce dealt originally with that subject. It is evident from the entire tone of this new chapter that Mr. Bryce confidently believes the United States to be in the process of hopeful reform in all that pertains to the purity of electoral methods. He shows us that English elections, which are now almost entirely free from the grosser forms of corruption and dishonesty, were not long ago as bad as American elections are to-day in some States and cities. A new chapter, or one very largely rewritten, is the chapter upon Tammany Hall. The story of the Tweed ring is retold clearly, and is thus put in convenient form for American readers side by side with the story of the Philadelphia "gas ring," and the story of Kearneyism in San Francisco. The important new chapters have the following titles: "The Home of the Union," "The South Since the War," "Present and Future of the Negro," "Foreign Policy and Territorial Extension." These are either new from beginning to end, or else so completely rewritten as to have all the effect of additional material. The account of the South and of the negro problem is exceedingly temperate and well reasoned, and both North and South may well agree that Mr. Bryce has divested himself of all sectional prejudice. There are new pages which treat with great fairness and perfect appreciation of our American attitude toward Europe on the one hand, and toward the peoples of the Western hemisphere on the other.

The nation that Mr. Bryce thus studies and describes is destined to round out the nineteenth century without effecting any changes which would alter the essential lines of his great portrait. But the United States of this period is a very different political and social organism from that which De Tocqueville visited and described just sixty years ago; and unless all signs should fail, there will occur some stupendous changes in the first three decades of the twentieth century which will call for the painting of a new portrait of the American Commonwealth forty years hence. Let us hope that a man of qualifications as complete as those which Mr. Bryce has brought to his great task may render a like service to the next generation.

Albert Shaw.

THOMAS HARDY.*

Miss Macdonell is to be congratulated; she has excellently performed a task of which the present writer is in a position to know well the difficulties. She has shown that the works of an eminent living writer can be discussed in set form, without idle eulogy, or impatient prophecy, or offensive censure, or unscholarly and ludicrous disproportion of any sort. Some readers, perhaps over anxious, if that be possible, to respect the rights of every living man to a certain privacy, may regret the few biographical facts here given, and the attention paid to the actual scenes and local origins of the Wessex stories: but they can find nothing set down except with perfect delicacy and discretion. Readers of future generations, interested in knowing what his contemporaries thought of Mr. Hardy, will find in Miss

* Thomas Hardy. By Annie Macdonell. Contemporary Writers Series. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00.

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Macdonell's essays a lucid, vigorous, and graceful appreciation; abundantly critical, yet with no absurd airs of scientific exactitude. She is not afraid to treat contemporary literature with a serious and a generous enthusiasm; she does not isolate it as a thing disconnected from the past. In an age when a living love of great literature, however ancient, is thought old-fashioned, and a decent acquaintance with it is called "learning," it is doubtless rash to consider Mr. Hardy's work, except in relation to the fashions and affectations of to-day. For detecting Shakespearian elements in it, Miss Macdonell will certainly be accused of calling Mr. Hardy a second Shakespeare; for bestowing careful study upon his ways of work, she will be charged with setting a preposterous value upon them. None the less, her book is worth a wilderness of personal impertinences, easy epigrams, smart paragraphs, and hysterical chatterings, such as pass for telling criticism just now. She has pondered her theme, and the result is thought.

To the present writer, the least acceptable essay is that upon Mr. Hardy as a "storywright;" not, perhaps, a very pleasing word. Miss Macdonell does full justice to the admirable art of his short stories, and to the haunting perfection of certain scenes in the long; but she seems to find less excellence in the "integral structure" of these last. "Plot," in the vulgar understanding of the term, is indeed not the main concern of Mr. Hardy, whose mechanism is apt to be forced and stiff in its workings; but in the tragic completeness, the dramatic nicety, with which the two or three greater novels are conducted to their appointed ends, through spiritual conflict and the play of natural forces, Mr. Hardy is surely a triumphant master of design. It is this tenacity of artistic purpose that makes his humour so excellently grim, so sombre in its very playfulness and merriment; there is no fooling in him, though plenty of things fantastic. Strange, that in the land of Shakespeare, Fielding, Lamb, humour should still be popularly regarded as unintellectual, and as necessarily gay! Indeed, so much does a keen and humourous melancholy prevail in Mr. Hardy's books, that Miss Macdonell does well to lay stress upon the really light and blithe aspects of life in them; and even to attempt a defence of certain discomfortable qualities, which a severer judgment might not forgive. Still, it is upon the intellectual and the poetical distinction of Mr. Hardy's art that she rightly and naturally dwells most. All her exposition of the Wessex countryside characteristics, of that "Shakespearian" peasantry, of Mr. Hardy's local and conservative patriotism, is in the happiest and truest vein. And no "aves vehement" of popular applause have prevented her from discerning the undue argumentativeness and even petulance of *Tess;* its clear inferiority, for all its merits, to the *Return of the Native*, that astonishing masterpiece of austere beauty: the occasional rigidity of style in Mr. Hardy's writing is duly noted, no less than the stately magnificence of which he is a frequent master. Upon all these matters, the present writer is in essential agreement with Miss Macdonell; though no two minds ever yet thought precisely alike, even when in agreement.

If a writer writes a work of art, full of power and charm, upon the assumption that the earth is flat, and that two and two make five, can and should a critic, since he is criticising a work of art, hold his peace about those assumptions? If the writer be merely whimsical, fantastic, extravagant, *yes;* but if he be the champion and defender of his assumptions, surely *no*. And thus, readers who reject and deny the truth of the psychology and the morality in *Tess*, are really treating the book with a complimentary seriousness, when they regard it as a work of art, spoiled and vitiated by fundamental falsehood. Just so, much of Pope and Chesterfield is substantially valueless, because they insisted upon the false doctrine of "the ruling passion:" style, grace, artistic excellence, alone preserve such portions of their work. Miss Macdonell, though an able advocate for *Tess* in these particulars, at least has no scorn for its impugners; she is not one of the critics superbly superior to such considerations. She insists upon the "passion" of Mr. Hardy's work, his sense of the battling and the tears, the splendours and the joys, in human life; a sense which rarely betrays him into anything grandiose, anything antithetical to excess, anything forced and blatant. The strangeness of

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life, its comedy and its romance, are prominent in his pages; he has his vision, and vision is the monopoly of positive genius. In Miss Macdonell's study, all the chief elements in the work of this weighty and delightful writer are finely and discreetly distinguished; and she writes of them in phrases often felicitously and choicely good. Since the private affairs of living writers seem to be the property of the newspapers, and the interviewer clings to them like a leech, it is surely good to have their public works considered with a grateful, a dignified, and a scholarly concern. There need be no silly adulation, and haste to anticipate time's verdict; no fussy and illiterate applauding of what Mr. Lang calls "the genius of Prodgers;" but rather, what Miss Macdonell here gives us, a careful and courteous consideration of those unquestioned virtues which exalt some living writers in the eyes of their own age. Ah, how splenetic in its carping wit is to-day! How ill it compares with the liberal days, when scarce a book came forth, but friends, or admiring critics, or reverent students, or approved masters, prefaced it with commendatory verse; often, of course, absurd, but generous and kindly in intention, harmless and undeluding in effect.

Lior Johnson.

LITTLE EYOLF.*

It is a coincidence of no little interest, as illustrating a tendency of the time, that while Ibsen was writing in Norway his newest drama, *Little Eyolf*, Margaret Deland was publishing in the *Atlantic* her novel, *Philip and his Wife*, whose scene of action is Southern Pennsylvania. Not that the two are alike in anything more than essential facts, but the problem presented is inherently the same—the problem of a loveless marriage and the ultimate realization to husband and wife of its hopelessness for both. In detail of action the two are strikingly unlike. Allmers, the father of the little lame Eyolf, has married Rita, as he afterward flatly confesses to her, for her beauty and for her "gold and her green forests." Rita, on her part, has loved him with a passionate fierceness from the beginning, and has resented all that has come in between them. Like others of Ibsen's women, she lacks moral consciousness. Even little Eyolf, with his crutch and shrivelled leg, crippled by an accident of which her own bodily passion had furnished the immediate cause, had been hated for taking Allmers' love for a moment away from her. Philip, in Mrs. Deland's novel, has married a rich wife, but rather because her wealth had made it at the time possible to marry. He had loved her, at first, with the romantic strength of a young man's first passion, but it was an ideal he had loved, and not the reality. "He had thought to marry a beautiful soul, but had married instead a beautiful body." The woman he had loved had never existed; and Philip's wife, as it nears the end, thinks how tired she is of him, and has a bleak vision of seeing his face and of hearing him talk in the years before her. In *Little Eyolf* Allmers gradually draws away from his wife, first in absorption on his book, his life-work, which Ibsen grimly makes on "Human Responsibility," and when he has found no peace in that, with a struggle he renounces it, determined henceforth to devote himself to little Eyolf, to act out his human responsibility in his own life. Rita seeks to win him back to her by the arts she had practised successfully before, but to no avail, for up among the mountains and waste places, where he had gone ostensibly for his health, but in reality to meditate upon the problems of his existence and hers, he had irrevocably made up his mind. The suit of Borgheim, the engineer, for Allmers' sister Asta is favoured by Rita, in order that the latter may be as far away as possible from her brother's love. She even wishes that little Eyolf, for whom she has only pity, had never been born, so that he could not have come in between them. When little Eyolf is drowned in the fjord, there are mutual recriminations. Allmers sees a retribution in his death. "It is a judgment," he says, "upon you and me;" and he tells her that henceforth there is a wall between them, that his love is dead. "It must have ended so sometime," he cries, and Rita drags from him the confession that he had never loved her. It is Allmers who presently declares to his sister that he and Rita cannot longer live together, and he

* Little Eyolf. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. Chicago: Stone & Kimball (The Green Tree Library). $1.50 *net.*

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turns to her to resume their old life as brother and sister apart from Rita. In the American novel it is Philip's awakening from his foolish dream that brings a climax into his relationship with his wife. He saw himself the prisoner of an ignoble passion. Time and time again he says to himself, "Marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal." "We never were married," he tells his wife at their last meeting, as he argued for the ending of their false relation, and when there could be no more thought of a reconciliation, they part apparently forever. Rita, in *Little Eyolf*, is no less a woman that she faces the inevitable when she realises it, and accepts what Allmers calls the law of change. She feels the anguish of the transformation that has come upon her; and when Allmers still insists that they must part, she begs that they may live their lives together. When she announces her intention to take the children of the miserable village below to her heart and to lighten and ennoble their lot in life, he hesitates. She desires to make her peace, she says, with the great open eyes of little Eyolf as he was last seen by his playmates at the bottom of the fjord, and Allmers determines to remain. It is a fitting ending to the drama when Rita gives her husband her hand. "You will see," she assures him, "that now and then a Sabbath peace will descend upon us."

There is no one of Ibsen's plays in which the dramatic accessories are simpler than in *Little Eyolf*. The persons of the drama are Allmers and Rita, his wife, his sister Asta and her lover Borgheim, and, early in the action, little Eyolf. A single romantic element is furnished by the Rat Wife, whose weird tale lures Eyolf to the fjord. The play itself can possibly not lay claim to being among the strongest of Ibsen's social dramas, but it is most assuredly among the truest. Its principal characteristic is, perhaps, its astounding simplicity—for it is perfectly transparent from beginning to end. Nor is there, as has been the case in others of Ibsen's social studies, a single false note. Allmers' masculinity is not the most virile, nor does Rita's womanhood shine out from a lofty soul. Both are none the less true, and the drama in this respect is one of Ibsen's best. The text of *Little Eyolf*, as in *A Doll's House*, is that unless the foundation of the social relation be truth it cannot stand. Ibsen has beyond a doubt had in mind his former solution of the problem, and another way out has subsequently suggested itself. The lesson here is more hopeful. While many of the earlier dramas turn toward the dissolution of modern society, this looks no less unmistakably toward its regeneration.

William H. Carpenter.

THE LITERARY SHOP.*

James L. Ford, in his book, *The Literary Shop*, tells with infinite good humour some tales out of school. He ought to be comforted by the assurance that they needed to be told. It is true, a book on the literary shop must be more or less shoppy, but at a time when every adolescent miss and gloved dandy is anxious to get at the tools and the workbench, anything that a skilled workman can say about the rip-saw or the smoothing-plane, or the customers themselves, ought to be worth listening to.

Mr. Ford has an honest and admirable contempt for the shams of literature and the fellow-craft expedients that boost shallowness into vogue. This contempt is presaged in the title of his book, and it is varied with clever touches in all that the book contains.

He has a true Bohemian humour, which we can see is galled into merriment at most of the conventional restrictions, and which at times does not hesitate to descend to burlesque; but throughout we perceive that he has a literary artist's instinctive measurement of what is intrinsically true and worthy, and an irrepressible disdain for the commercial standards that have been erected in the counting-rooms.

The time is ripe for some such protest as this of Mr. Ford's, and though we shall not always agree with him in his exaltation of the newspaper's literary standard over that of the magazine's, nor in his rather bitter and sweeping contempt for the Christian Endeavourers, nor yet again in his veneration for the old Pfaffian crowd of merry geniuses, we can at the same time sympathise with the hearty disgust that rounds up

* The Literary Shop and Other Tales. By James L. Ford. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. $1.25.

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all these sketches—disgust at the interminable raft of respectable literary incompetents who have given all their faculties to the art of saying it, without ever having taken the least trouble to equip themselves with anything to say.

A very amusing historical method is that which shows our local literature passing through the New York *Ledger*, the Timothy Titcomb and the Johnsonian stages, in all of which the aspirations, the convictions, the dreams, and the good judgment of the writers are suppressed or modified to the cream-cheese standard of the proprietor, who runs his periodical to meet the wishes of the vast area of cream cheese that overspreads the country. But Mr. Ford, in his sprightly account of the poets who wrote assiduously down to Mr. Bonner's standard—all those widely circulated poems on "Dear Mother's Gum Shoes" and "Grandpa's Cane in the Corner;" who poured their "good-bad stuff" continuously, with strict regard to the fact that Mr. Bonner wanted every horse called Dobbin and every dog called Tray, and paid ten dollars a clip for what he wanted and would not have as a gift what he did not want—Mr. Ford overlooks, I say, the pusillanimity of these poets entirely who, instead of driving one-horse cars or peddling the honest clam and thereby earning a proper living, were content to milk their own subserviency and peddle their intellectual treacle for ten dollars.

Mr. Ford has a rather high estimate of the literature of journalism, and believes that the reporters who bring the somewhat unsavoury veracities of Chinatown and the East Side into commanding view are doing better work in equipping themselves for the intellectual battle of life than the magazine philosophers and internal consciousness reflectors who have set up telephonic connection between their libraries and the magazines.

But Mr. Ford does not himself come at this problem with mature reflection. He is content to generalise the matter in the realist's usual cocksure style. To many of us the coolness between journalism and literature appears to be edging, under present conditions, toward a final divorce. The increasing endeavour of the newspaper is to photograph the phantasmagoria of the day and sweep it away, like the illusion on a screen, with the mirage of the next day. Synthesis, deduction, co-ordination, ultimate purposity, and a clear comprehension of the dramatic tendency of events when grouped, are less the duty and object of the newspaper than ever before. Opinion, reflection, and public guidance have measurably disappeared before the voracious enterprise of snapping the shutter on every figment of the passing show, with an impartiality that puts the sixteenth marriage of the public bawd and the hosiery of the latest gin-palace performer from London into the same category with the fall of an empire and the destiny of man.

The reporter is the victim and the feeder of this system. He is chained down ruthlessly by the exigencies of the counting-room. There are very few prizes held out for discretion, for a sagacity that does not agree with the popular illusion of the moment, or for honest convictions. The man who covers the surface quickest and arrests the largest amount of attention is the man who secures the persimmon.

What stimulus there is in this field for those qualities of mind and heart which enter, necessarily, into true literary work, it is not easy to see, and the fact is, the reporter who has a distinct literary faculty gravitates away from his newspaper work into special endeavours—play-writing, sketches, booklets, and what-not. In what daily paper of New York could Mr. Ford have fired off his amusing and clever Gatling? If Mr. Ford will turn from the broken crockery of the magazines to the broken candy of the daily newspaper, he will see that in both fields the endeavour is to be entertaining at whatever cost, and nothing so seriously disturbs this effort as the man who has got something serious to say.

I look upon this little book as a clever, albeit a humorous protest of masculine intellectuality against the effeminisation of current literature by the matrons of the magazines. It is a good sign. What we need at this moment more than anything else is virility in letters, and I am not surprised that its first glimmer should appear on the side of humour, for the sprightly men who do not disdain even the life of Bohemia have an abiding nausea for the sentimentality on the one side and the skirt-dance on the other of our entertaining magazines.

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These men like *Trilby* not because it is ethically correct, but because it is artistically veracious and does not dodge the facts of the life it deals with. They are tired of the Bourget avalanche of words, and a little amazed that literature can be staked out by the quarter section and surveyed like a prairie.

Nym Crinkle.

ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA.*

This book is both very timely and very readable. Mr. Lowe, whose account of Prince Bismarck has long been the most popular of any in English, is in the way of learning much of the gossip of Continental capitals, which, if it does not represent the exact truth, at least embodies what is very generally accepted as the truth, and which certainly contains much that is valuable. The present volume abounds with personal anecdote, and one lays it down with the consciousness of having received a very definite and powerful impression of a great historical character; great not so much because of his own mentality, but because of the impressive *rôle* that fate assigned him. The ardent Teutophobe, the conscientious despot, the marked object of a myriad of plots, the persecutor of the Jews, the inflexible champion of peace—of such a personage no dull book could be written.

Mr. Lowe briefly sketches the predecessors of Alexander, from Catherine II. down, with a rapid and effective touch that brings into relief the character of each. Paul, the madman who hated the modern spirit so bitterly as to forbid the Academy of Sciences to use the word "revolution" even of the motion of the heavenly bodies; Alexander I., gentle and conscientious, retiring from the active exercise of power because of his disgust with the rottenness of the whole administrative system of Russia; Nicholas, the imperious despot of Crimean fame, dying with a broken heart after the collapse of his plans of conquest; Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, whom his own officers nicknamed "the military tailor" because of his passion for altering the uniforms of his troops—all these Mr. Lowe runs over with some characteristic anecdote of each, and then turns to the subject of his volume. Him he considers in a somewhat episodic fashion—as heir-apparent, as keeper of the peace, as a Pan-Slavist, as a Jew-baiter, and as the object of Nihilistic vengeance. A chapter is devoted to the curious affair of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, which, however, adds little or nothing to what all the world read at the time, but which is still most interesting. Another chapter deals with the illness and death of the Czar, which Mr. Lowe ascribes to the catastrophe of Borki.

> "It was the tap-root of most of the ailments from which he suffered since. An eye-witness of this blood-curdling scene assured me that it was enough to deprive an ordinary man of his reason. His carriage was blown to shreds, his faithful servants lay dead or dying, his loving wife stood trembling like an aspen-leaf amid the corpses and blood-stained fragments; and while he looked around for his children, dreading the terrible possibilities as much as the torturing uncertainty, his little daughter, her bright eyes filled with tears, threw her hands about his neck and exclaimed amid sobs: 'Oh, papa dear! now they'll come and murder us all!'"

Mr. Lowe discusses the effect upon the Czar's nerves of all the terrorism amid which he was doomed to live, and takes up the accusation of personal cowardice that has been often brought against him. There is no doubt that his seclusion, his creation of a special ministry for his protection in 1894, when General Tcherevin was made General-in-Waiting; the swarms of spies, of detectives, and of *agents provocateurs*, and his shrinking attitude in public, undoubtedly did give some colour to the charge. Yet his career as an officer in the Russo-Turkish War, where he served with credit in the field, should suffice to show him as a man of ordinary bravery; and much, as Mr. Lowe says, might be pardoned to one who had seen his own father mutilated and bleeding to death before his eyes, and had looked upon the awful scene at Borki. The wonder rather is that his nerves so long retained their tone, when he knew that among his own *entourage* there had again and again been found those who only bided their time to strike him down.

Mr. Lowe's summing up of the character of Alexander is interesting but not wholly convincing, for a certain English prejudice shows too plainly the bias of his mind. "Alexander III. kept two things," he says, quoting a current epigram, "the Seventh Commandment and the peace of Europe;" and then goes

* Alexander III. of Russia. By Charles Lowe. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

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on to express his own conviction that the real keeper of the peace was the Triple Alliance, "which must have convinced the Russian Emperor of the utter hopelessness of carrying to success any schemes of adventure or aggression that he might have entertained." And he remarks that his peaceful policy was European only, as in Central Asia, throughout his reign, the Russian sword was never long hidden in its sheath. He taunts him also with breaking treaties; with his oppression of the Stundists as well as of the Jews; with his repression of the Finns and Poles; and with debasing and brutalising his subjects by "his stupid, his obscurantist, his reactionary sway." Listen to this strain:

"It is of no use telling us that Alexander III. was a sincere and honest man, and that all his actions sprang from the most exalted patriotism, the purest piety. The same apology might be tendered on behalf of Nero, or Nana Sahib, or the Bloody Mary. . . . With all his virtues as a man, he was no more capable of ruling as it should have been ruled his colossal Empire, than one of his own average Moujiks."

After reading this, one would like to know just where Mr. Lowe received his impressions of Nero, and whether he is himself one of those who open the floodgates of cant in Exeter Hall. Such a summary as he has given, holding Alexander personally responsible for the whole autocratic system with its corruption inherited from past centuries, and for the results of a thousand complex causes over which he had no control, destroys our faith in the value of the writer's opinions. A slighter though not inconspicuous blemish on the book is found in the cheap sensational headings prefixed to his chapters, and which recall the "scare-heads" of a Chicago daily. "Fat on the Russian Fire," "English '*Mervousness*'" (rare wit!), "Famine, Fetters, and Finance," "A Tempting Terrorist" (Vera Filipoff), "The Servians Rush to Arms, but Have to Reel Back on their Pig-styes," "You *Must* Marry Me!'—these things befit neither the dignity of history nor the self-respect of an otherwise able and instructive writer.

EARLY BIBLES OF AMERICA.*

The third edition of this sumptuous book comes to us revised and with a considerable amount of new material, in that sixteen chapters have been added. It now gives a descriptive account of the early Bibles published, not only in the United States and Canada, but in Mexico as well. Thirty-three finely executed fac-similes show the title-pages of the most interesting of these, among them that of the Eliot Bible of 1663; the Saur Bible, printed at Germantown in 1743 (in two colours); the first Douay Bible, reprinted in America at Philadelphia in 1790; and the first Hebrew Bible, from the press of William Fry, of Philadelphia, 1814. This last is not, however, the first American book printed in Hebrew characters, the press of Harvard College having issued in 1809 an edition of the Psalms. The Bible is without the vowel points. The first Greek Testament of American printing was that made by Isaac Thomas, Jr., of Worcester, Mass., in 1800. Of much historical interest is the fac-simile of the New Testament issued at Atlanta, Ga., in 1862, by the "Confederate States Bible Society," the edition of which was one of some five hundred copies only, so that it has already become rare, though a copy was sold in 1893 for $8.25. Other fac-similes that attract the attention are those of some of the illustrations found in the early American Bibles. There is a reproduction also from the Bible printed in Latin and Spanish at Mexico in 1831, and from the French New Testament, which has the imprint of Fréchette, Quebec, 1846.

One very curious chapter, which is of interest not only to book collectors but to students of literature, is that which describes various grotesque attempts to improve upon the Authorized Version. Of these the most conspicuous was that of Noah Webster, the conceited Connecticut pedant, whose lexicography, owing to the vitality given it by abler men than he, has bestowed upon him a reputation to which his own attainments would never have entitled him. This preposterous person in 1833 brought out an "Amended Bible," in which, as he complacently stated, he had altered the accepted text so as to remove "some quaint and vulgar phrases," and the "very numerous inaccuracies in grammar!" His principal substitutes are the insertion of "who" for "which," and "his" for "its;" the Bowdlerizing of certain passages; and the change of a

* Early Bibles of America. By John Wright, D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $3.00.

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number of single words of whose beauty no conception ever entered his priggish mind. Thus "eventide" makes way for "evening," "eschewed" for "shunned," "spake unto" for "spoke to," "slew" for "killed," "twain" for "two," "I trow" for "I suppose," and in general whatever has a fine archaic colour is translated into the commonplace dialect of the New Haven coterie to which Webster belonged.

The proposed improvements in the Bible by Benjamin Franklin may perhaps be regarded as suggested by him in a spirit of veiled ridicule; but they have often been regarded seriously by biblical scholars. They were first published privately, and for the instruction (or amusement) of Dr. Franklin's friends. The following verses from the first chapter of the Book of Job will give a fair notion of Franklin's method:

"And it being levee day in Heaven, all God's nobility came to court to present themselves before him; and Satan also appeared in the circle as one of the ministry. . . . .

"And God said, Well, what think you of Lord Job? You see he is my best friend, a perfectly honest man, full of respect for me, and avoiding everything that might offend me.

"And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?"

Other curious versions described are those of Mr. Thomas C. Green (1795), in which all the imprecatory passages are softened down; that of the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson (1833), which contained "rhetorical embellishments with which he has adorned the sacred text;" that of Mr. Henry Oliphant (1852), who turns the narrative into colloquial forms; and that of Mr. Peter Stewart, who supplied with asterisks the places of all verses relating to subjects of a sexual nature. There is also a list of editions that are interesting because of their curious typographical errors. Altogether the book is one to be commended, not only to the hagiologist, but to every student of our own literature and of the curiosities of book-making.

PROFESSOR MINTO.*

To many the more interesting part of this volume will be the biography. Professor Knight has no doubt conscientiously carried out his conception of what a brief memoir should be. He has procured recollections of Minto from various friends, and has issued them together with some appreciative comments. What he says is in the main intelligent, and although the contributions naturally overlap, it may be possible to collect from them some living image of Minto. There are in all fifty pages, of which Dr. Knight has written about fourteen. It is impossible to think that this is satisfactory. Minto's life should have been written by some one who knew him long, and its development should have been traced. We cannot but regret that no use whatever has been made of his numerous and most admirable letters. By nature eminently genial and communicative, he delighted in correspondence. Often at the close of a hard day's work in London he would turn to writing down the gossip of the town for the benefit of old acquaintances in remote parts of the North. It is probably useless to say anything now, and we are grateful to Dr. Knight for what he has given us, but it is impossible not to think of what might have been. In another edition some obvious slips and misspellings in the memoir ought to be corrected, and it would be well to leave out one of the pages.

We turn with relief to the main contents of the book. They must be taken for what they are. They were not left for publication, and they are not lectures to University students. They were delivered to a special audience, brought together in the Music Hall of Aberdeen under the auspices of the Local Examination Committee of the Senatus Academicus. There are in addition two essays on Pope and a lecture on Burns. These were ready for press before Professor Minto's death, and are in all respects admirable. We doubt very much whether Minto would have approved of the publication of the rest of the volume, although it makes delightful reading, and is frequently instructive. Professor Minto was a most thorough and conscientious worker, never allowing anything to pass from his hands until he had given it the last polish, and there is necessarily much in the lectures which is elementary. Yet those who have gone over the ground will find that even when Minto is dealing with familiar facts he

* The Literature of the Georgian Era. By W. Minto, LL.D. Edited, with Biographical Introduction, by W. Knight, LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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throws new light upon them. For example, although what he says of Scott is not remarkable, he rightly signalises the great importance for Scott students of the Recollections by Gillies. Still, there is a great deal in these lectures that is open to criticism, and although they have been carefully edited, they are not free from misprints and mistakes. Some of them are curious. For example, there is a glaring error in the first page of the first chapter; the famous Dr. Adam is spoken of as Adams, and there are other slips. But the real power, learning, acuteness, and mastery of Professor Minto are seen in the work he himself approved of—the essays on Pope and Burns. The keynote of all Minto's critical work is expressed in this sentence: "I do not myself believe in the possibility of revolutionary changes in literature. The history of literature is the history of a gradual development, advancing often no doubt by leaps and bounds, but always by rational transition from one stage to another." We hope this book will be followed by a collection of Professor Minto's contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the ripest and most masterly essays he ever wrote.

SIDNEY LANIER'S SELECTED POEMS.*

When, in 1887, Sidney Lanier's *Science of English Verse* was put upon the list of Harvard books to be kept only a fortnight, according to the librarian, it was out "literally all the time." It was a happy thought, therefore, to make a selection of his own poems that might make his poetry known to a wider circle, for he was a genuine singer as well as a warm appreciator of song, a seer of visions of beauty as well as an interpreter. Such an edition should especially appeal to the students of our high-schools and colleges, and prove an inspiration from the standpoint of literature and life. The volume before us is admirably adapted for this purpose; the biographical section rests in the main, of course, upon Dr. Ward's splendid *Memorial* prefaced to the complete edition of Lanier's *Poems*, edited by his wife, but a few interesting facts since gleaned from posterior publications about the poet are added; a complete bibliography has been carefully collated; the critical sections of the Introduction treat successively of Lanier's Prose Works; Lanier's Poetry; Its Themes; Its Style; Theory of Poetry; and the Notes are copiously interspersed with poetic quotations from all quarters, to the end that they may "lead one to wish to know more of English poetry, of which Lanier's is but a part." Despite the brevity of his life (1842–81) and its chequered course, Lanier followed the two sublime arts, music and poetry, "so long and so humbly," as he wrote, "and through so much bitterness," that "life's tasteless waters were turned into wine and flushed through and through with purple tints." Though he should not, as Dr. Ward declares in his eulogium, "take his final rank with the first princes of American song," there are lines and couplets and stanzas which will live in the language they have adorned, some, indeed, that are already household words. For instance, the oft-quoted line, "Music is love in search of a word," and this exquisite picture, "The dew-drop morn may fall from off the petal of the sky," or the wondrous touch of the lines,

> "I marvel that God made you mine,
> For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

More than the enduring influence of these poems, a laurel wreath to the poet's memory, will be the influence of the poet's life, so spiritual and refined, so chivalrous and patient amid the mercantile spirit and gross materialism of his surroundings, the struggle for bread and fame, while love and an unconquerable will held off the destroyer. "The time needs heart," he sang in "The Symphony;" and the words, characteristic of his lofty spirit, were woven into the strings of a floral lyre which hung on the pedestal presented to the Johns Hopkins University in 1888. His implicit trust in the Christ, and the secret of his buoyancy and eternal youth gathered from this paragraph in one of his letters, are worthy of note: "Where are the strong arms in which I, too, might lay me and repose, and yet be full of the fire of life? And always through the twilight come answers from the other world, 'Master! Master! there is one—Christ

* Select Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes and Bibliography, by Morgan Callaway, Jr., Ph.D. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.00 *net*.

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—in His arms we rest!'" Had he lived to reach that "stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light—the great artist," what might he not have accomplished! But herein lies the mystery of life and death, the broken pitcher, the lost key, the unfinished arc, and the poet—at least let us be glad of this—has solved it.

M.

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT.*

"For many years," says Stevenson in this volume, "America was to me a sort of promised land; 'Westward the march of empire holds its way;' the race is for the moment to the young; what has been, and what is, we imperfectly and obscurely know; what is to be yet lies beyond the flight of our imaginations." The record of Stevenson's experiences and impressions from New York to San Francisco had already for some years been public property, and now in *The Amateur Emigrant* we have the forerunner to the sequel, *Across the Plains*, in which the "great epic of self-help" is stripped bare of all its illusions. "Emigration, from a word of the most cheerful import, came to sound most dismally in my ears." The closet picture as conceived by the young man entering on the conquest of whole new empires is found, on trial, to consist mostly of embellishments. "The more I saw of my fellow-passengers, the less I was tempted to the lyric note." Although anxious to see the worst of emigrant life, Mr. Stevenson went by the second cabin, as, having some work to finish on the voyage, he needed at least a table at command. Among the few particulars which differentiated the second cabin from his brother of the steerage, there was one, he humorously narrates, altogether of sentiment. "In the steerage there are males and females; in the second cabin ladies and gentlemen. For some time after I came aboard I thought I was only a male; but in the course of a voyage of discovery between decks, I came on a brass plate, and learned that I was still a gentleman. Nobody knew it, of course. . . . Still, I was like one with a patent of nobility in a drawer at home; and when I felt out of spirits I could go down and refresh myself with a look of that brass plate." The scenes and incidents and characters, especially of the steerage, are drawn with frankness and humour and rare penetrability, as one can readily testify who has shared the adventures of the amateur emigrant. The involved and hideous tragedy of fatal disaster to an emigrant ship is seen in the clear flash of these words: "If this whole parishful of people came no more to land, into how many houses would the newspaper carry woe, and what a great part of the web of our corporate human life would be rent across forever!" The finest passage in the book occurs when he says of the quick, fiery bit of a man squiring his brother, the fiddler, into public note: "There is nothing more becoming than a genuine admiration; and it shares this with love, that it does not become contemptible, although misplaced." The conclusion of the whole matter is given in these brief, pointed words, which suggest the pathetic side of emigration—its unavailing power to cheat destiny—"emigration has to be done before we climb the vessel; an aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself." The little volume is handsomely printed and neatly bound in crushed buckram.

X. Y. Z.

* The Amateur Emigrant. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

LOVE AND QUIET LIFE.*

Mr. Raymond's new book belongs, as its sub-title—at once indicative and misleading, since he gives us not separate sketches but one loosely-strung tale—would lead us to suppose, to the favourite class of "special district" stories. The rise in popularity of the "special district" story is one of the best marked features of recent years, and it might be a nice point of enquiry whether the taste proceeds from renewed interest in humanity at large or from increasing weariness of the humanity best known.

The country folk of *Love and Quiet Life*

* Love and Quiet Life. Somerset Idylls. By Walter Raymond, author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Young Sam and Sabina," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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dwell so close to the demesne of Mr. Hardy, and speak a dialect so near akin to that which he has taught us, that it would be beyond the nature of man to refrain from comparisons. Mr. Hardy is a great novelist, with extraordinary lapses into worse than mediocrity; Mr. Raymond is a pleasant story-teller, who seldom or never drops below his usual level, and who gives us a continual impression of drawing straight from the life. Mr. Hardy's Arcadia is undeniably the more amusing, but it is impossible not to believe that Mr. Raymond's is far nearer to reality. We are convinced, as we read, that the village of Sutton, sixty years ago, did contain just those persons, dwellings, customs, and opinions here presented to us; and we feel regretfully that to be transported for a month to that slow-moving little world of the past would be the most reposeful of holidays. The fields, the farms, the farmers, the village matrons by whose eyes and tongues every outgoing and incoming was sifted, the clerk and the choir and the much-mistrusted "new pa'son," "tranter" Coombes, and the Sandboy family, half-squatter, half-vagrant, of whom it was considered that "they ben't wo'th their salt, the whole kit o' 'em"—all of these grow familiar to us as if we had lived among them. But the least familiar are the father and daughter, who hold the central place. Their situation has a delicate pathos, and in the drawing of Marion's character there are exquisite touches; but on the whole the rougher, robuster vitality of their village neighbours casts them into shadow.

The beauties of the book would have shown even more distinctly than they do, if it had indeed been made of "Somerset idylls"—if we had had, in at least three separate divisions, the story of the new parson, the story of the Sandboys, and the story of Marion Burt. Each story would have brought out the others, and in the seeming separation we should have had a truer unity of presentation. When a writer has the eye for a picture and the ear for a sentence which Mr. Raymond possesses, it is worth urging him to acquire also the balance and proportion in construction, whose absence not one reader in a hundred perceives, yet without which hardly any work permanently survives.

Clementina Black.

TEN-MINUTE SERMONS.*

Dr. Nicoll's indefatigable pen has never shown to better advantage, nor have his large spirituality and keen intellectual insight been wedded to a more noble and exalted end than in the editorial deliverances which always appear on the first page of the *British Weekly*. Whatever achievements he has made in other fields, and they are remarkable enough to have won him literary renown, it is unquestionable that the best effluence of his deepest thought and personality has been reserved for these columns. One is not conscious of literary ability or of spiritual power *per se;* the whole force of a richly endowed and consecrated nature pours itself out like a broad river at flood, whose waters lose themselves in the arms of the sea. The brooding quality that dwells in the profound religious consciousness of the writer carries the tired and fretted spirit back to the springs of life and up to higher altitudes, where we feel the breath of a Diviner air. *Moments on the Mount* these spiritual peaks of Darien might have been called with an apter sense of fitness than *Ten-Minute Sermons*, which is rather journalese. This volume with its "smart" title consists of a choice selection from Dr. Nicoll's editorials in the *British Weekly*, their publication in this form having been made in response to frequent solicitation.

These brief ten-minute sermons are so distant in manner and matter from that which goes by the common acceptation of the term, that one is strongly moved to resent its narrow exclusiveness in the present instance. They are bright, vigorous, polished essays, distinguished as much by their literary and imaginative qualities as by their theological acumen and scientific precision. They are the fruits of ripe scholarship and profound knowledge of men and books. The plummet goes straight and deep into the heart of human life, and sounds the turbulent undercurrents of grief and agony and unspeakable joy. Of the forty-three brief homilies, not one gives a mere abstract of philosophy or is disquisitional in form; each one deals with thought in relation to life, each is

* Ten-Minute Sermons. By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

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an epitome of some phase of spiritual experience which touches all at some point. Deep calls to deep, and out of the heart of the storm and stress of life comes a voice that reassures us and bids us be of good cheer. Equable in tone, sane, optimistic, it is the voice of one who has seen and heard and knows that these things are so.

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

It was well said at Dr. Nicoll's ministerial valedictory meeting ten years ago, that he "unites with the widest literary culture the most earnest Christian faith and the most active Christian spirit." But it is with the literary side of these sermons that we are chiefly concerned in these columns. They are models of literary form and style. Dr. Nicoll has in his editorial capacity frequently persuaded other writers to name the books which have influenced them, but we have yet to learn this secret from himself. Still there are preferences for authors shown in the frequent citation of names, whose influence on his thought and style is borne out by internal evidence in his writings. He evinces a close acquaintance with the works of the Mystics, and with the great French theologians and preachers. And that can be laid to his charge of which "Claudius Clear" convicts A. K. H. B., that he has not kept abreast of recent literature. What Dr. Nicoll said recently of a great writer and theologian is applicable to the author of *Ten-Minute Sermons*. "He who would impress men at this time must have power of expression, a sense of distinction in language and a care for literary form." It is the possession of these essentials that gives peculiar grace and power to these sermons, and makes the author an inspiring example; for there is an impressive and religious effect produced on many minds by the sight of a gifted writer offering with perfect humility and with a beautiful simplicity the best service of his intellect to God.

NOVEL NOTES.

ELDER CONKLIN AND OTHER STORIES. By Frank Harris. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

These are American stories of hard rough life, in camps and out-of-the-way settlements, or in towns with a dull ungenial atmosphere. The actors are chiefly ruffians and rough diamonds of the Bret Harte type—only much less sentimental—or hard-fibred, unpolished dwellers in tamer places. It is a grim, unlovely life, and the author paints it very relentlessly, yet letting in now and again a ray of pure idealism. About some of the vulgar desires and ambitions of the women there is a frank savagery which almost raises them above the level of their commonplace aims. We see no searching after the ugly, but a philosophic acceptance of the sordid as forming no inconsiderable part of the life he designs to paint. Elder Conklin is a masterly picture of heroism and paternal love of rare intensity and refinement, co-existing with capacities for hideous selfishness and cruelty.

Mr. Harris's highest point is reached in "A Modern Idyll." The scene here is laid amid a prosperous religious sect in Kansas City. The chief personage is a Baptist minister of eloquence enough even to intoxicate himself into the belief that his fervor and ecstasy are workings of the spirit instead of the accidental expression of his sensual nature. The wife of one of his deacons, a young girl with outward discretion and coquetry in equally large proportions, and no conscience at all, soon causes his ministry to turn into an opportunity for being in her neighborhood. When a call comes to a larger sphere, with greater worldly advantages, his passion is still a little greater than his other sensual desires for comfort and luxury. While he waits the word from Belle, which shall tell him to stay or not, love, ambition, and religious sentiment, make a dancing-ground of his heart. His delight in playing the *beau rôle* triumphs in the end, and his sermon to his congregation announcing that he will sacrifice all personal gain to stay with them, leaves not a dry eye in the chapel. Belief that he had been guided from on

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high co-existed with the earthly hope he tried to hide and smother in his heart, and the sermon was written in a ferment of artistic emotion which perfectly simulated religious ecstasy. But before it was delivered he had Belle's encouraging answer. The deacons could not let such a sacrifice pass by unrewarded; he is not allowed to suffer in his pocket. The final tableau is that of the teacher of holy things, rich in the goods of this world, making love to the wife of the man who stands apart with the other deacons, thinking solemnly of the new light that has come into their lives from the teaching of one who is so Christ-like as to readily despise and renounce all gain that stands between him and his duty. The analysis of motive and character is masterly.

DUST AND LAURELS: A Study in Nineteenth Century Womanhood. By Mary Pendered. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Miss Pendered tells us unblushingly in a note to the American edition that she experienced a keen sense of satisfaction when the Messrs. Appleton made her an offer for her "little study." All we can say is that the publishers have a great deal to answer for. Only a keen sense of dissatisfaction is to be gained by the reader, unless we exempt "that hybrid complication, the woman of to-day," to whom the author dedicates her "study." The second title might have been "A Study in Nineteenth Century Vulgarity;" but we fear Miss Pendered's claim that "nearly every English reviewer has flattered me and abused my heroine," notwithstanding—the vulgarity is not all in the study, but some of it in the student. Vera, the young woman who is the central personage of the story, is certainly one of the most disagreeable and ridiculous to be met with anywhere. She is always setting her strong, white teeth and laughing aloud, or drinking tea furiously, as evidence of her great passions, or "wafting a spray of chalk powder over her face lightly," to show her fine recklessness of nature. She writes books—the stupidest heroines always do. She promotes a Woman's Free College in the intervals of literary activity, but finds plenty of time for ugly flirtation. At last, to the indignation of an innocent little friend, she becomes "a mere wife." This is an advantage for the Women's Free College and literature, at all events. Perhaps the objectionable, hysterical Vera is meant as a warning, but her career is chronicled with too evident a relish for her to serve any such moral purpose. Miss Pendered has evidently plenty of cleverness. Her friendly critics may well wish her more judgment.

THE GOOD SHIP "MOHOCK." By W. Clark Russell. D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Clark Russell's invention does not give out. Piracy is an old theme, but here it is treated with so many variations that one falls to as if it were a novelty. The good ship *Mohock* was an American liner with a villain for a captain. It was appealed to in mid-Atlantic by a boatful of men who called themselves shipwrecked waifs, but who turned into determined and very interesting pirates. The captain, who has been looking out for them, plays his part of hypocritical rascal well enough at least to deceive the passengers, who, by the by, are an amusing if very foolish company. The end it does not become us to divulge. The story is told by the captain's step-daughter, and all through the two volumes we were breathless with surprise that any novelist could have created so conceited, cold-blooded, obtuse a woman, and shoved her into the part of heroine. We thought we knew a great deal more on the point than Mr. Clark Russell. But a postscript, not in her hand, is added, in which we read concerning the narrator: "She is dead, and of the dead *nil nisi;* it must be affirmed, nevertheless, that a more objectionable old woman never tied a bonnet round her head." More than that, he even throws some doubt on the excellent story she tells. Is that treating himself well, or us?

THE MARK O' THE DEIL, and Other Northumbrian Tales. By Howard Pease. Frederick Stokes Co. $1.25.

The Mark o' the Deil is difficult to appreciate at its right value. Those interested in the district it describes—which till now has not, we think, had its illustrator in fiction—will, from gratitude and patriotism, be apt to exaggerate its merits, while its modesty, the absence from it of cheap tricks, either in style or matter, will have a good deal to do with any neglect it may receive from those who have not local interest.

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As pictures of general human nature his stories are not first-rate. Few of them rise beyond mere anecdotes, and the ineffective hand of the amateur is as plainly on some as the mark o' the deil was on the breast of Tom R——, the villain of the Cheviots. But they show humour, a relish for the rough, the wild, the whimsical in human nature, much open-mindedness, and a kindly spirit. Their literary is perhaps greater than their imaginative promise. Only one or two strike us as coming very definitely under the head of fiction at all. The rest have the air of being taken from life and memory, with but little interference in the way of addition, selection, or modification; and though none the less interesting for that, they keep us from making up one's minds what our expectations from the author should be. Of these, "The Judgment" and "On Deadwater Fell" are told with great conciseness and vigor. The one that most suggests the fiction writer is "Link-House Bill," though it is less picturesque in its setting than many of the others. It ends the volume, and leaves us with a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Pease for his exhibition of homely and unconventional character, and a desire that he will give us more of a similar kind.

THE RALSTONS. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

That some of his critics quarrelled with Mr. Crawford over the minuteness with which they were forced to study two New York families in *Katherine Lauderdale*, is no reason for prolonging the quarrel into that book's sequel, *The Ralstons*. By writing a sequel, by treating the same families to the same kind of minute observation, by proceeding at the same deliberate pace, Mr. Crawford proves that he has made up his mind that the Lauderdales and the Ralstons can only be treated in the way he has chosen to treat them, and that he doesn't mean to hurry, or to scamp, or to jump over months and years, to please any idle reader. So we give in. And once having given in, let us confess *The Ralstons* seemed much easier reading than *Katherine Lauderdale;* such is the virtue of resignation. The action does not proceed very far—Mr. Crawford has no space in two volumes to allow of that—but far enough for Alexander Junior to be much perturbed, quite unnecessarily, about Uncle Robert's will, and far enough, too, to allow of the discovery of John Ralston's and Katherine's secret marriage without a breach of the family peace. There is not much else save the highly disagreeable incident of the death of Walter Crowdie, a kind of incident which Mr. Crawford rarely attempts, and wisely, we think, for he only fills us with horror, does not impress us with sadness, in spite of the half-revelation it makes of the mysterious connection between Paul Griggs and Crowdie. If we are inclined to write at the end of the book, "Much ado about nothing," let us own that the observation, the analysis, the workmanship, are excellent. Externally the persons could hardly be presented with more faithfulness. So far as Mr. Crawford reads character he reads it with subtlety. But he trusts rather to enormous conscientiousness than to quick instincts. His is a slow method in these novels of modern life; but if the introductions by which he presents us to the Lauderdales, the Ralstons, and the Brights, are long-winded, he convinces us these are real persons and worth knowing and watching along with him.

EPISODES. By G. S. Street. New York: The Merriam Co. 75 cents.

Those who have read Mr. Wedmore's short stories and liked them will like Mr. Street's. There is a trifle less of expressed sentiment in the latter, and there are other differences also, but the work of the two men is more easily classified together than are the *Episodes* with *The Autobiography of a Boy*. Mr. Street has no such type as Tubby to vent his irony on. Tubbys are not invented every day. He sets up a number of worldly people, and stupid and selfish people, and has languid shots at them; and proves himself, too, the protector of some varieties of martyred innocence. He speaks with an air of knowing most things in very modern life; but he is not very cynical, and if his chosen method of art would let him, he would probably be a sentimental moralist. Never speaking above his breath, never flashing out sparkle or heat, he wearies us sometimes with his restraint. But his coldness is in accord with the manner he has chosen; and he has done what he purposed to do very well. Only it is a thin-blooded kind of writing at the

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best. It wants wit to make it entertain for more than two consecutive stories, and Mr. Street has restrained wit too. That he has it, Tubby is the proof. But in fact it is the excellence of *The Autobiography of a Boy* that is the chief reason of our slight discontent with this volume of clever, keen-sighted, and various studies of modern life.

VERNON'S AUNT. By Sara Jeanette Duncan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Whether Mrs. Cotes has much or little to say she can always say it amusingly. She has a laugh in her voice as she tells a story that prevents your inquiring too closely at the time if her story be really so funny after all. The tale of Miss Lavinia Moffat, spinster, of Littlehampton, and her adventures, when she went, without invitation, to pay a visit to her nephew in India, has some grotesque situations, and the character of that enterprising but highly respectable lady, equally greedy of experiences and respectful to the proprieties, is cleverly told in her own words. Yet it wants all Mrs. Cotes's light manner to keep us from feeling the strain on her invention. It is the least good of anything she has done—and yet it will amuse.

JEAN BELIN, THE FRENCH ROBINSON CRUSOE. From the French of Alfred de Bréhat. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

As a child we grew pious over *Sandford and Merton*, and felt how good it was to know the *Swiss Family Robinson;* but as a youth we put them from us as childish things, together with the thought of the little prig we were. Yet succeeding callow generations will batten on these juvenile classics, and to the number *Jean Belin* may be added, for it is harmless. The story scarcely warrants being styled either "the French Robinson Crusoe" (save the mark !) or "a Companion to the Swiss Family Robinson." The "brave little fellow," six years old, who starts on his adventures in the first chapter by coming to the rescue of the drunken Caillaud, and goes on celebrating himself in quite orthodox fashion with his "even temper," his "spirit of invention," and his unceasing resources, until in the end he "lives like a gentleman, fond of relating his story," is in no danger of making De Foe turn in his grave. But with the old stage setting M. Bréhat makes a creditable show, and there are lots of boys and girls who will laugh and cry over his puppets. The book is garnished with a number of crude illustrations.

IN WILD-ROSE TIME. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

In Wild-Rose Time is not, as the title might suggest, a pastoral idyll among rustic fields where wild roses bloom, but a story of the squalid poverty of New York tenement life, and the long, rich delight which a bunch of wild roses carelessly thrown away brought Bess and Dil, two little sisters over whose cheerless life hung the terrible shadow of a drunkard's home. The tender love of these two sisters; their simple faith in Heaven, where Bess, with her poor little "hurted legs," would become well and strong, and where they were going, "if they only could find out how to go," is a picture that has been often drawn, but which can always bear repetition, especially when told by so sympathetic a narrator. There is a love story in the background which does not run very smoothly, but the little god with the wings works his tactics to a successful issue through the frail little cripple; the old-fashioned Dilsey, with her delightful brogue; and sturdy Patsey, who, though only a street *gamin*, is the happy, propitious instrument that overrules all for good.

THE PLAY-ACTRESS. By S. R. Crockett. Autonym Library. New York: Putnam. $1.00.

There is a type of character for which Mr. Crockett has peculiar sympathy, and which he can put into a story with great effectiveness—the austere saint, knowing little of the world save its learning, and, when brought into contact with the world's evil, proving himself to have the charity as he has the innocence of a child. Such is Gilbert Rutherford, the hero of this little story. Perhaps there is just too much or too little of the farcical in the description of the old Scotch minister wandering about London under the guidance of Tommy the *gamin*. It is the only defect we have to find with a little story that introduces us to that rare thing in fiction, a charming child, the loyal Ailie, and to the very delightful city clerk, Mr. Johnny Spencer.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ESSAYS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Henry Ferguson, M.A., Northen Professor of History and Political Science in Trinity College, Hartford. New York: James Pott & Company. $1.25.

This volume contains four well-written essays dealing respectively with the Quakers in New England, the New England witch-mania, Sir Edmund Andros, and the Loyalists—*i.e.*, Tories—of the Revolutionary Period. The last two are, on the whole, the most satisfactory, as in the others, especially in the first, one cannot help feeling the *odium theologicum* that underlies the record of the brutal and revolting treatment experienced by the Quakers at the hands of New England Puritans. In reading over the rather unnecessarily detailed accounts of the branding of men and the lashing of women, the astute reader will not rid himself of the suspicion that Mr. Ferguson is less affected by his pity for the woes of the Quakers than by his dislike of their persecutors and "their illegal and unconstitutional government," with its "union of Church and State, or rather the subjection of the State to the Church;" as to which one somehow or other conceives the opinion that had it only been another Church than the one it was, the Quakers would still have met with persecution, but that Mr. Ferguson's essay would have remained unwritten. As to the barbarity of the Puritans, that, of course, admits of no defence.

More novel and more suggestive is the paper on Sir Edmund Andros, who, as Mr. Ferguson says, is usually, by implication at any rate, held up to the readers of American history as "a merciless tyrant, whose administration was only redeemed from being utterly disastrous, by its imbecility." But the man who, after filling high offices under the Stuarts in their colonial administrations, was made Governor of Virginia by William and Mary immediately after the Revolution of 1688, must have been neither a tyrant nor a fool. Mr. Ferguson's paper is a very interesting attempt to rehabilitate what has always been at least a very picturesque figure in our early history, even as drawn by the Mathers. Incidentally the claim is made that the real object of James II. in his American policy was one of union and consolidation, which, had it been carried out, would have made impossible the narrow theory of colonial particularism that was destined in our later history to give us the Hartford Convention in the North, and in the South to light the fires of anarchy and civil war.

RHYTHM AND HARMONY IN POETRY AND MUSIC. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Professor Raymond, in his somewhat caustic introduction, informs the reader that one object of his book is the education of critics, especially of art critics; and he deplores the fact that few of our philosophers have the necessary artistic training to give them a proper appreciation of the æsthetic, while our critics of art—using the word in its widest sense—are ignorant of philosophy. He has a grievance of his own against those who have reviewed his former books, and he does not hesitate to bring the offending journals up with a round turn, naming names, and administering, it must be confessed, a certain amount of well-deserved castigation. The second purpose before him is the study of the causes underlying the effects produced by particular arts of poetry and music. This study he carries out with much elaboration, treating first of the correspondences between elements of form in the arts of sound and of sight. He then proceeds to the consideration of the principles of rhythm as a form of human expression manifested in external nature and in the mind, following out lines already suggested, if we remember rightly, by Bain. The most interesting part of the work is that contained in the chapters which treat of verse structure and the occurrence of the rhythmic principle in ancient and modern verse. In ancient verse he seems a good deal less at home than in modern; and his citations from Homer and Vergil are far from being the best and most convincing available. As a matter of fact, Homer abounds in both rhyme and assonance, while Vergil evidently eschews the former and uses the latter very sparingly, being the most restrained of any Roman writer in classi-

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cal times in this respect, and forming a striking contrast to Ovid, whose verse seems almost an anticipation of the time when syllabic quality fell away before the more popular system based upon alliteration and rhyme. The latter part of the book deals very technically with musical harmony and the psychical and physical causes of the effects of musical form, with several concluding chapters on music as a representative art. The book contains much that is suggestive and valuable, and it is to be hoped that the critics of the reviews named by him will read it and repent. The quotations from foreign languages, especially those from the Greek and Latin, are vilely misprinted in many places.

A COUNTRY MUSE. By Norman Gale. First series. New edition. Boston: Stone & Kimball. $1.25 *net.*

When *A Country Muse* appeared in the summer of 1892 it sealed Mr. Gale's recognition as a genuine poet. He has a true lyrical gift, and if readers have to do a little sifting among stuff of a poorer kind, they will have their reward when they light on such gems as "Love with a Crocus in His Cap," or "Come, Sweetheart, do not Pout," or the exquisite "Unfinished Picture" of Mary the Milkmaid singing and Richard the Keeper whistling a blithe response. "My song is all of birds and peasant homes," he says. In this new edition Mr. Gale would fain have omitted two poems, but as such omissions would have rendered the reissue something other than a new edition, he has given these a place apart. So they stand in conspicuous disgrace in the corner—a little unjustly, we think. "Les Morts sont Heureux" now receives a native title. The important difference, however, is the addition of six new poems, "A Great Master," "A House in the Hedge," "In Spring," "Courage," "The Wounded Bird," and "A Patient." "A House in the Hedge" is a charming picture of joy among the birds, but still more distinguished in workmanship and in feeling is "A Patient."

> "To him mysteriously bereft
> How much in charity was left!
>
> "A woman bent beneath the load,
> And sang along the sacred road;
> Faith showed a still unshaken spire,
> Love lit the cot with tenfold fire!"

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.25.

Lady Mary Loyd is gaining a reputation for making quite creditable but altogether superfluous translations of by no means first-class French books. The Prince de Joinville's *Vieux Souvenirs* is easy to procure and to read by those interested in his personality. Still, since she has translated it, let us own she has done so creditably; and though his is not a book of great interest, the Prince had a notion of how to write effective memoirs. A discontented man so far as all his country's affairs were concerned, what he has to say or tell of his time, historically or politically, is nearly valueless. But in his travels he showed himself a curious, keen, and trained observer. Every now and again in his narrative there occurs a picture as well-depicted and outstanding as any of his clever pen-and-ink sketches. But perhaps of all the pictures the one to stick most in the memory is that of himself and his brother and sisters, little sprigs of royalty, listening to the bustle of the Revolution of 1830, in the Paris streets, and catching the superficial fervour to the extent of making tricolour cockades.

NAPLES, the City of Parthenope, and its Environs. By Clara E. Clement. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Mrs. Clement has written a history of Naples, an account of its archæological interest, and a guide-book for present-day travellers. It is not easy for the same pen to write clear, hard facts and give light, sketchy impressions of scenery and every-day life; and since she excels in one more than the other we are glad it is in the more substantial part. It is easier to see or imagine beauties of landscape and characteristics of manners than to find interesting historical facts in so convenient a form. The historical portions are so clear, bright, and readable that we hope Mrs. Clement will turn her attention to some other Italian cities. The book is a very pretty one, and is beautifully illustrated with a number of photogravures. For the traveller in Italy we should call it nearly indispensable; but it would make a charming gift-book for others who have no immediate prospects of travel.

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THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. IV. Boston : Copeland & Day. $1.50 net.

There is greater average merit in the latest number of the *Yellow Book* than in the former ones, but there is no one feature that stands out prominently, unless it be the fearsome picture of Mr. George Moore, which is calculated to justify all the obstinate prejudices of librarians. Of the fiction, by far the best thing is the editor's own story, *The Bohemian Girl*. Mr. Ashcroft Noble's paper on *Mr. Stevenson's Forerunner*, by which he means Alexander Smith, is a sympathetic and grateful tribute to the real merits of an almost forgotten essayist. Mr. Norman Hopgood writes in a rather awkward, but decidedly vigorous and original manner on Henri Beyle, otherwise Stendhal; and the article has thought in it, and reveals a true capacity for criticism. Among the other literary contributors may be mentioned Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Marriott Watson, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. John Davidson.

THE GROWTH OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Richard Jones, Ph.D. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

This scholarly monograph is another of the many indications that meet one on every side of how far the Germanisation of our intellectual pursuits has gone, passing beyond the sphere of classical philology and pure science, and invading the domain of literature. The present volume investigates the *Quellen* in the genuine spirit of the Herr Professor, but with a certain deftness and grace of touch and an underlying æsthetic sympathy with Tennyson's noblest work that are quite foreign to the "one, two, three" methods of his models.

The design of the study is to show that Tennyson's obligations to Malory have been exaggerated by the critics; that the poem shows a gradual but steady evolution; and that the work itself in its final form embodies the poet's matured view of life—a somewhat pessimistic view, and one far removed from the hopeful optimism of his youth, that found expression in the early idylls. In the working out of this plan Dr. Jones has gathered and arranged a mass of information as to texts, variants, revisions in manuscript, and other matters that are extremely instructive to the critical student of Tennyson; and has shown a keen literary sense that will commend certain chapters of his little volume to that larger host who never think of texts, or variants, or sources, but merely accept with delight the noble creation of a great master, and thank God for it.

OLD ACE AND OTHER POEMS. By Fred Emerson Brooks. New York : Cassell Pub. Co.

Neither Mr. Brooks's muse nor his readers can complain that he twangs monotonously upon a single string, or that his powers are hampered by a pent-up Utica. Beginning with Old Ace, a trotting horse, he ends with Her Majesty the Queen, touching lightly in the interval upon such varied themes as the miracle of Cana, the new baby, skeletons, guns, Silly Billy, the American flag, Pompeii (which he apparently pronounces as a dissyllable), and the natural beauties of Tombstone, Arizona. One cannot fail to admire so much versatility and such catholicity of taste; but a feeling will obtrude itself upon the reader that these lyric gems sparkle more brilliantly when set separately in the friendly newspaper corner, where they most fittingly belong, than massed together in a volume where they only stand in each other's light, so to speak, and kill each other.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS. From George Macdonald. Arranged by Elizabeth W. Dougall. New York : James Pott & Co. $1.00.

Whatever one may think of George Macdonald's theology or of his philosophic views, no one ever doubts the depth of his sincerity. "If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," he has written, "I shall feel that I have worked with God." These rubies, garnered from his works in sermon and fiction, shine with the lustre that emanates from a consecrated imagination. There is a contagious element in much of Mr. Macdonald's writing that inclines us to his mood, and a year of days spent in catching the spirit of each day's "beautiful thought" must tend to make one's life, as he describes it in his dedicatory words, "purer and nobler." The little book is daintily bound and printed, and the index adds to its helpfulness as a spiritual companion for the gray days and gold.

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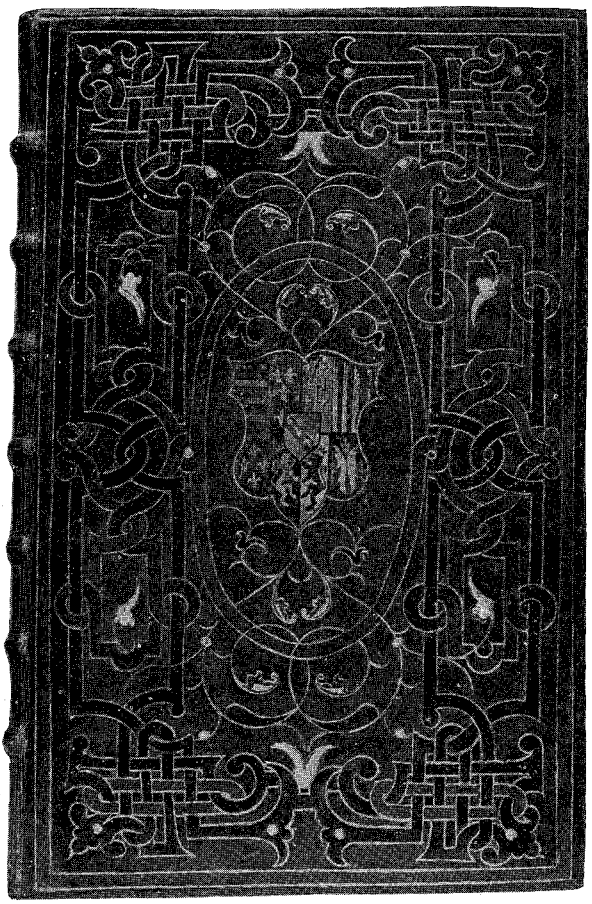
HISTORIC BINDINGS AT THE GROLIER CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Grolier Club took place on the 23d of January last. The enthusiasm of its members at the commencement of this, the eleventh year of its existence, appears to have in no way diminished. The Treasurer's statement shows increased financial prosperity ; its publications roll from the press with their accustomed irregularity, disappear promptly into the ready hands of the subscribing members, and systematically attain inflated values as they make their way into the book-shop or the auction-room.

One feature of the Club's original programme seems, however, to have been abandoned. We refer to the lectures, which have been discontinued, either because (like the young clergyman who retired from the ministry, finding no further text to preach from) the lecturers have exhausted their subjects, or the members have tired of sitting at the feet of the modern Gamaliel.

The apathy as regards oral teaching does not appear to have overtaken the exhibitions, which occur with greater regularity than the publications, and seem drawn from apparently inexhaustible sources ; for while we are wondering what can come next, the members throw open the Club doors for another of their kaleidoscopic views. The last that we have been favoured with is in some respects the most interesting of the many Grolier exhibitions. We refer to the superb display of old books "from the libraries and collections of celebrated bibliophiles and illustrious persons." This exhibition would have graced a room in any of the great libraries of Europe, and as the visitor moved from case to case he might almost have imagined himself in a corner of the British Museum or at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

The object of the Club in this instance was not, however, to show a collection of fine and rare old bookbindings, but, as explained in the catalogue, of what the French bibliophiles call *livres de provenance*—volumes bearing on their covers the arms or devices of original owners. As is customary with the Club, a catalogue of the exhibition has been printed for the members ; in this instance a small quarto volume, commencing with an introduction, and giving the titles and descriptions of the books and bindings, with fac-similes of some of the arms upon them. The main interest is, naturally, that of association with



No. 35 of the Club Catalogue.

Alexander Appianus' *Guerres des Romains*, printed in Lyons, by Antoine Constantin, in 1544.

Folio, brown calf, the sides covered with interlaced ribbon scrolls, terminating in coloured arabesques. In the centre of each cover the arms of Francis, the second Duc de Guise, who was assassinated by Poltrot de Merey at the siege of Orleans, in 1563, are painted in colours.

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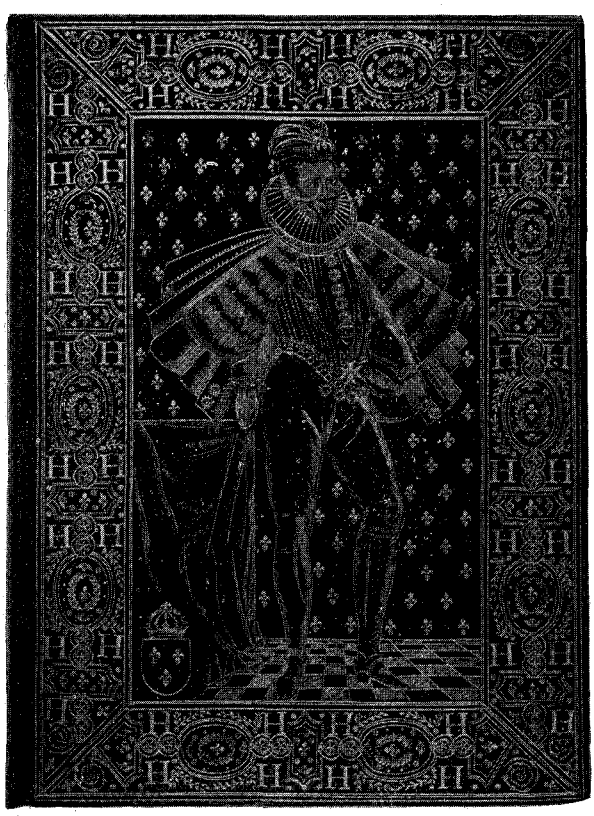
original ownership, combined in many instances with the artistic beauty of the designs.

There were shown in the exhibition no less than thirteen volumes from the library of Jean Grolier, four from that of Thomas Maioli, three which belonged to François I., and seven to Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, as well as others of corresponding dates—all from the same school of art, if not by the same workmen. In some bibliographical dictionaries and in the earlier references to Grolier he is spoken of as a bookbinder, from which it has been sometimes inferred that he made designs for his book-covers. Again, the artist Bernard Salamon, known as *le petit Bernard*, is said to have furnished patterns for this purpose. There is no evidence in either case to prove these assumptions or surmises. The designs in question are phases of the same pure and refined taste characteristic of the best artistic productions of that period, which was the time of the purest taste of the French Renaissance.



No. 41 of the Club Catalogue.

Francesco Guicciardini's *Historia d'Italia*, printed in Florence, by Torrentino, in 1561.

Large folio, red morocco, back decorated with tear-drops and fleur-de-lis; centre panel of front with a full-length figure of Henri III., favourite son of Catherine de Médicis, executed in mosaic, in coloured morocco, following true colours and form of costume, the hands and face in vellum for the sake of flesh tints, the arms of Henri III. in lower left-hand corner, the whole within a border of garlands, leaves and sprays in compartments, with the initial H repeated at intervals.

Notwithstanding sumptuary laws promulgated from time to time, some of which aimed at the restriction of a too luxurious decoration of books, they seem to have continued to be elaborately bound, and whether the taste for this arose from ostentation, or from a genuine regard for the books themselves, is a matter of small importance now, although we trust the bibliophiles formed a majority. The preservation of a volume owing to its binding, unworthy though the book may be, is, to say the least, preferable to the fanatical method of consecrating it to the flames. There is no reason to doubt that Grolier and Maioli, valuing their books for their own sakes, bound them *con amore*, and that the same is true of François I., Henri II., and Diane de Poitiers. Maioli had his books bound in Italy; some of Grolier's are Italian, but the best of his, as well as those of François I. and Henri II., are French, and perhaps were bound in Lyons or Paris.

The French bibliographers form a nice estimation of the difference between the volumes from the libraries of book-lovers, and from collections formed for effect, or having arms impressed upon them from the same motive that they are embroidered upon furniture, painted upon carriages, or mounted on harness. Louis XII. was a lover of books; but none of his were in the exhibition, probably for the good reason that none are to be found in America, and are so seldom to be met with anywhere. As to Louis XI., we do not remember his name anywhere in connection with books; Charles IX. had a few, and so had Catherine and Marie de Médicis.

None are esteemed more rare

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and desirable or are more interesting than volumes from the library of Henri IV. The copy of poems in this exhibition bearing his arms and monogram possesses all the attributes dear to the bibliophile.

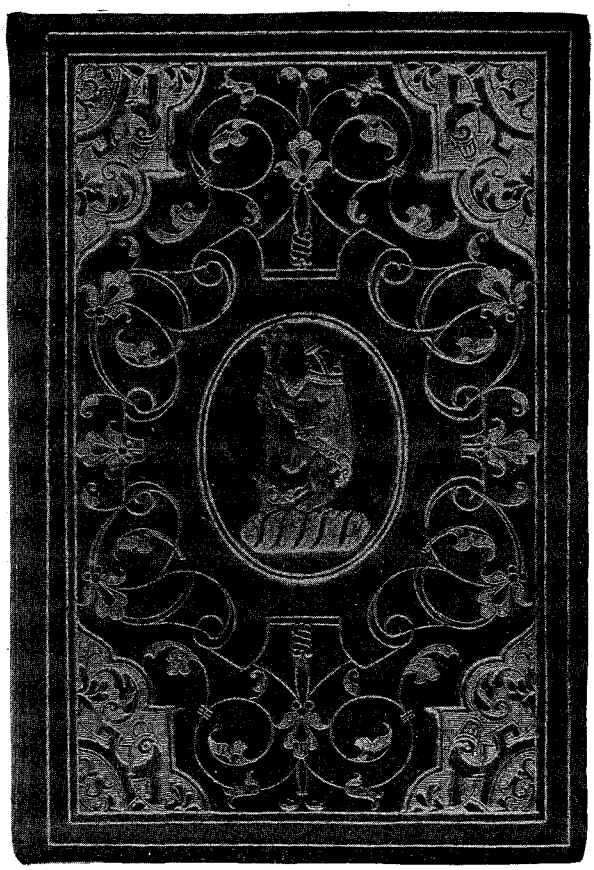
The "grand style" of the time of François I. gave place to the more elaborate and less severe ornamentation of the school of binders inaugurated by the Eves, of which good examples are found in the books described as belonging to Marguérite de Valois (first wife of Henri IV.). We say described, for although there is no positive proof that they were hers, there is presumptive evidence sufficient to warrant such an ascription.

Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria figure prominently in bibliopegistic annals. The books which belonged to them are more easily obtainable than those of private collectors during the same period.

Perhaps the best known and most celebrated bookman who lived during the reign of Henri IV. was the learned Chancellor Jacques Aug. de Thou. His books bear, according to their date of binding, three different coats of arms, the two last quartered with those of his wives. Examples of each of these armorial bearings were shown in the exhibition. De Thou rarely employed any other than red moroccos, and those very elaborately ornamented are rather the exception than the rule. Two other celebrated amateurs were Longepierre and Count Hoym, whose library is famous. Count Hoym's books were mostly dispersed, and data respecting them are rather meagre, although his life (which we have not at hand to consult) was written by Baron Pichon, the famous collector and bibliophile of Paris.

The bibliographical history of England, from the especial standpoint under consideration, is, it must be confessed, unsatisfactory. The sovereigns of Great Britain were never found guilty of acute bibliomania. Henry VIII. *versus* François I.! Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers *versus* Queen Elizabeth! The latter, reigning in the golden age of English literature, has absolutely nothing in her books to remind one of the fact, although her favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, has survived in his bookbindings as well as in history. So has also Sir Thomas Wotton, who died in 1587, and Sir Kenelm Digby. The representative literary sovereign of Great Britain was King James I., who appears to have been fond of his books and bound them accordingly.

During the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. private libraries became the fashion in France, and we find many examples of elaborate and sumptuous bindings with coats of arms. Time and history have added



No. 36 of the Club Catalogue.

Arrianus' *Plutarchus de fluminibus et montibus*, printed at Basle, by Froben, in 1533.

Quarto, brown calf, gilt back, sides ornamented with scrolls and elaborately tooled corners; in the centre of each side the device of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth and protector of Amy Robsart. This device, the well-known bear and staff, is deeply impressed in silver, and the volume is remarkably well preserved.

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value and interest to many of these, as in the specimens from the libraries of some of the celebrated women of the eighteenth century, such as Madame de Maintenon, Countesse de Pompadour, Madame Du Barry, and later Marie Antoinette and the Duchesse De Berri. At the Lignerolles sale last year in Paris a book bound in morocco, with the arms of Marie Antoinette, and presented by her to the Princesse de Lamballe, with short inscriptions in the handwriting of the Queen and Louis XVI., brought over thirty thousand francs under the hammer.

The bookbinders of to-day might, if they chose to do so, receive a most profitable object-lesson at such an exhibition as that just given by the Grolier Club. They might have noticed, in the first place, that the quality of the leather used for the old books is excellent, better than that with which we are now familiar; second, that the colours selected for the finest examples of decoration were dark, sometimes even black; third, that the calf-skin was quite a different material from that called by the same name to-day, and which is often too light and flimsy, approaching in quality sheepskin, so largely used in the English "original bindings" of the seventeenth century; a material now employed chiefly for those wolves in sheep's clothing—modern law books. The binder of to-day will also observe that good work is not restricted to the amount of tooling that can be placed upon the sides and back; but primarily in the sewing and the forwarding, or covering. Had it not been for honest bands, careful sewing, good leather, and, with these, skilful covering unaccompanied by any excessive shaving down of the skins, the chances of seeing to-day any of the fine bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be extremely slight.

It is to be hoped that the Grolier Club will undertake further exhibitions of this character, for while such books have an historic and æsthetic interest, they serve also as object-lessons for bookmen, and have a tendency to raise the artistic and technical standard in this country.

FACSIMILE OF MEDAL RECENTLY AWARDED COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ.

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RECENT EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

The sixth volume of the "Great Educators Series," published by the Scribners, of which valuable collection Professor Nicholas Murray Butler is the editor, bears the title *Herbart and the Herbartians*, with the name of Professor Charles De Garmo, of Swarthmore College, as that of the author. Its object, as set forth in the preface, is to give a concise *précis* of Herbart's educational doctrines, and a sketch of their further development by his successors. Herbart's metaphysics are largely excluded from this survey of his pædagogic work, and the author's purpose is very effectively carried out by treating his subject in a large way, and with an avoidance of all that is not absolutely essential. The consideration of Herbart's own contribution to educational theory occupies seven chapters, or 98 pages, the remainder of the book dealing with the extension and application of his educational ideas in Germany (pp. 99–202), and the progress made by those ideas in America (pp. 203–256). An admirable bibliography of Herbartian literature, classified and arranged, occupies twelve pages at the end of the book. Dr. De Garmo, it will be remembered, has already associated his name with the Herbartian literature by his connection with Zinser's translation of Ufer's *Introduction to the Pædagogy of Herbart*, and the present volume shows not only his thorough familiarity with the subject, but a very clear and practical conception of just what the student of scientific pædagogy needs to have set before him. Nothing is introduced that might break the continuity of the exposition, and the author has wisely refrained from attempting, in the space assigned him, any consideration of the lesser Herbartians, contenting himself in his treatment of the German development of the system with an account of Ziller, Rein, Lange, Stoy, and Frick, each of whom stands as an epoch-maker in either its extension or in its application. Especially valuable for the teacher and student is the very compact and lucid account of the translation of theory to practice, by Rein in the Volkschulen and by Frick in the Gymnasia. At the present time, when our whole system of secondary and university education seems to be on the verge of a thorough reconstruction, and when scientific pædagogic ideas are at last beginning to exercise a marked influence in our educational development, the appearance of the present volume is most timely, filling a place as yet occupied by no other as yet written in the English language, and deserving, as it does, especial commendation for the vigorous simplicity of its exposition and the refreshing crispness of its style. It may be hoped that a second edition may add to the value of the bibliographical chapter, and especially to its convenience in use, by giving the dates of publication of *all* instead of a part of the works named, the omission of which gives an air of incompleteness, not to say of slovenliness to the whole.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. have just issued the second edition of Professor Alfred Gudeman's *Outlines on the History of Classical Philology*, to give its new instead of its old title. This extremely useful manual has not only been revised so as to eliminate a number of errors, chiefly typographical, but has been enlarged by a list of the Latin scholia, a summary of the principal grammatical terms used by the Greeks and Romans, and an index of proper names—changes that all add to the usefulness of a book which ought to be on the table of every classical scholar. The new edition is further improved by appearing in a cloth binding in place of the paper covers of the first edition.——Another recent volume of much interest to students of the classics is the third edition of Professor B. L. Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar*, revised and greatly enlarged by Professor Gonzalez Lodge of Bryn Mawr College, who has enriched the work by a free use of much material gathered from modern German sources, especially from Stolz and Schmalz, in the sphere of Syntax; from Bücheler and Neue, in Etymology; and from the treatises of Plessis and Klotz, in Prosody. The book still retains the independent and what may be called the Gildersleevian flavour of the earlier editions, and as a treatise on formal grammar is now fairly to be regarded as the most scholarly work of its

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kind, as it is the latest, to be found in the English language. It is issued by the University Publishing Company.

From Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons comes a volume of 317 pages on *Rhetoric, its Theory and Practice*, by the late Dr. Austin Phelps, of Andover, and Professor Frink, of Amherst College. It is, however, not precisely a new work, being an adaptation of Dr. Phelps's lectures already published, with the title *English Style in Public Discourse*. These lectures have been revised by Professor Frink, with a view to making them serve as a text-book for the rhetorical instruction of classes in schools and colleges: and the reviser has also added a second part, containing practical exercises to illustrate the chief qualities of style, as well as the chief sins against the stylistic canons. As to the value of the resulting treatise as a text-book, opinions may differ. In fact, the real value of any text-book whatever in the teaching of style may be regarded with a considerable amount of scepticism. The present writer believes that when style can be taught by the study of a text, temperance, chastity, and the other virtues can be inculcated in the same way. But as to the charm and suggestiveness of this volume to an intelligent reader there is no question whatsoever. It is one of the most thoroughly readable books on the subject; and both persons who never had a style and persons who never heard of style can peruse it with genuine delight. Nothing more unlike a formal treatise could be imagined. It has all the charm and naturalness of the most unstudied *causerie*, in which the chief interlocutor is a clever, brilliant, and convincing enthusiast, with a mind full of ideas and a memory richly stored with anecdotes and illustrations. The pages bristle with the aptest citations, drawn not from books alone, but from personal observation and reminiscence. Every principle is fixed in the mind by an example, and the point is not infrequently tipped with wit. Take, for example, those few sentences on James Russell Lowell's neologisms:

"James Russell Lowell is one of the most scholarly critics and authors in our language. A word coined by him with expressed approval would carry all the authority which any one man's name can give to a word. But when he coins, as he does, such words as 'cloudbergs,' and 'other-worldliness,' and 'Dr. Wattsiness' he descends from style to slang. He coins them as an exceptional and rare indulgence. He does not expect to see them in the next edition of Worcester's Dictionary. He would be ashamed to see them there with his name as their authority. He would be the last man to authorise such words by scholarly criticism. He knows, and the world of scholars knows, that his own scholarly reputation will bear such occasional departures from good English, somewhat as a very saintly man can bear to be seen carrying a flask of brandy in the street."

The success of this volume as a text-book must be decided by the practical test of use; but it can be heartily commended as exceedingly good reading for any person who is interested in our mother tongue. The index is unfortunately incomplete, and does not do full justice to the contents of the book.

In the "International Education Series," published by the Messrs. Appleton, appears Mr. George H. Martin's historical sketch, *The Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System*, with a preface by Dr. W. T. Harris. Its object is to show that the public-school system of that State was developed in harmony with the social environment; and, as the author says, "it serves to illustrate the slow, wavering, irregular way by which the people under popular governments work out their own social progress." It begins with an account of the people and polity of Massachusetts in colonial times, showing how, in their educational legislation, the good of the commonwealth was kept steadily in mind; traces the rise of the school system and the evolution of the district system, which was coincident with the decline of the grammar-school; gives a sketch of the town academies, and of the movement for the education of girls. A chapter is devoted to Horace Mann and the growth of philosophic ideas in popular education. The last two chapters deal with the more recent social and industrial changes in the State, the introduction of modern methods of teaching, and has a good account of the school system at the present time, of kindergartens, manual training schools, normal schools, and teachers' institutes and associations. The book contains little that is new, but gives in a clearly told and compact form a great deal of very instructive information, which, in view of the influence of Massachusetts upon the educational policy of other States, makes Mr. Martin's work one of great value for reference.

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

SALE OF THE FOOTE COLLECTION.

When it became known that Mr. Charles B. Foote, long recognised as one of our most intelligent collectors, was about to sell at public auction his library of rare books, which represented the result of fifteen years' ardent pursuit of that most fascinating of all hobbies, book-hunting, the interest and curiosity among our book-lovers was naturally keenly excited. It was believed that the books he was about to sell would be most desirable from a collector's point of view. The question most debated was whether such a collection could realise, even approximately, the values it would undoubtedly bring if sold in London. The appearance of the catalogue served to stimulate the interest already felt. On the one hand, it was contended that the times were bad, that buyers would consequently be unwilling or unable to pay large prices, and that, moreover, the American public, while willing to spend thousands for paintings and art objects generally, was not educated up to the point of buying rare books at their quoted (English) value. This view was not shared by a few, who held that during the past ten years a new generation of collectors had come upon the scene, who knew well the values of scarce books. These new men were students of English literature and of bibliography, and knew how to distinguish books and authors, and their relative importance in the market.

A glance over the catalogue showed Mr. Foote had been a discriminating buyer; and that while he had not confined himself to any one period or department of English literature, yet there were certain authors who were prime favourites, whose works he had used every endeavour to obtain completely in their original form. There was a very fair representation of the older writers, but by no means in importance and number so strong as several later periods. The Cavalier poets were all present, as well as others who wrote and published about the time of the Civil Wars and Commonwealth. Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Corbet and Habington, Donne and his followers, Herbert and Crashaw, were all represented by fine and beautifully bound first editions. The Herbert's Temple deserves special mention as one of the two undated copies of the first edition. Mr. Foote's copy, formerly in the Brand, Daniel and Delaware Lewis collections, had been lost sight of in England, and the only other copy, Mr. Huth's, has been claimed to be unique.

Miltons there were in fine order—The Poems of 1645, Paradise Lost, 1667—first date, but some say second title, as though, forsooth, any one can surely tell whether the author's name was first printed in large or small type. Goldsmith—prime favourite with Mr. Foote, as with every one—was delightfully represented by eight lots, including the Vicar of Wakefield, 1766, The Deserted Village, 1770, and the two comedies. Gray's Elegy, 1751, and Odes, 1757, were there, of course, and passing on we come to one of the strongest portions of the collection, the marvellous set of Charles Lamb's works. It is certainly safe to say no such set as this for completeness or condition has ever been offered in this or any other country. It included A Tale of Rosamond Gray, 1798, in uncut state, as well as Prince Dorus, 1811, in a similar condition, and that greatest of all rarities to Lamb collectors, Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809. Only three or four copies of this book are known to collectors, and this is the only copy in America.

A full set of Keats in their original boards, uncut, is worthy of more than passing notice, while the collections of Mr. and Mrs. Browning and Tennyson were again unrivalled in their completeness. Even such rarities as Mrs. Browning's Battle of Marathon, 1820, and Robert Browning's Pauline, 1833, were not wanting, and the scarce Tennyson's Poems by Two Brothers was present in a large-paper copy. Many of Mr. Foote's books were presentation copies, or had interesting autograph matter inserted, which added greatly to their interest and value. Lot 88 was a fragment of 33 leaves of the original autograph manuscript of Pickwick Papers. Dickens' manuscripts of the more important works are all, with the exception of Our Mutual Friend, which is in the collection made by the late George W. Childs, in the South Kensington Museum. Thus the importance of this lot to any one desirous of possessing a portion of original manuscript by Charles Dickens is very apparent. It would be impossible to mention all the rare and desirable books in this catalogue, which comprised only 275 lots in all, without actually reprinting the catalogue itself.

We quote the prices realised for the more important lots at the sale which took place on the afternoons of January 30th and 31st:

Allot's England's Parnassus, 1600, $210; Barham's Ingoldsby Legends, 3 vols., 1840–42–47, $108; Braithwait's Barnabee's Journal (1638), $200; do., a Boulster Lecture, 1640, $85; Mrs. Browning's Battle of Marathon, 1820, $330; do., Prometheus Bound, a presentation copy to William Wordsworth, with his autograph, $75; Robert Browning's Pauline, 1833, $210; Robert Burns's Poems, 2d ed., 1787, with manuscript poem, $135; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1621, $76; Samuel Butler's Hudibras, original and spurious editions, 10 vols., $200; George Chapman's Iliad (1612), $90; do., Odysses (1614), $90; Churchyard's Chappes, 1578, $95; Sir Aston Cockain's small Poems, 1658, $140; Bishop Corbet's Poems, 1647, $60; Abraham Cowley's Poetical Blossoms, with rare portrait, 1633, $220; William Cowper's Poems, 1782, and The Task, 1785, 2 vols., $54; R. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple, 1646, $55; Samuel Daniel's Cleopatra, 1599, $55; Sir William d'Avenant's Gondibert, presentation copy, 1651, $37; Daniel De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, 1719–20, 3 vols., $309; Charles Dickens's Autograph portions of Pickwick, $775; John Donne's Poems, 1633, $60; William Drummond's Poems, 1656, $135; Lacrymæ Musarum, 1650, containing Dryden's first published poem, $60; Dryden's The Hind and the

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Panther, 1687, $50; George Gascoigne's The Posies, 1575, $110; do., The Steele Glas (1576), $160; Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., 1766, $340; The Traveller, 1765, $47.50; The Good-Natured Man, 1768, $40; The Deserted Village, 1770, $100; She Stoops to Conquer, 1773, $97.50; Gray's Elegy, 1751, $270; Odes, 1757, $35; Herbert's Temple (1633), $1050; Robert Herrick's Hesperides, 1648, $125; John Heywood's Woorkes, 1566, $60; N. Hookes's Amanda, 1653, $80; John Keats's Poems, 1817, $140; Endymion, 1818, $60; Lamia, 1820, $62.50; Charles Lamb's Rosamund Gray, 1798, $350; Tales from Shakespeare, 1807, 2 vols., $100; Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809, $420; Miss Leicester's School, 1809, $80; Prince Dorus, 1811, $240; Elia, 2 series, 1823–33, $155; R. Lovelace's Lucasta, 1649, $220 Posthume Poems, 1659, $140; Lydgate's Lyfe of Our Lady, 1531, $150; Massinger's Three New Playes, 1655, $75; John Milton's Poems, 1645, $370; Paradise Lost, 1667, $525; Paradise Regained, 1671, $75; E. Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum, 1675, with interesting letter of Charles Lamb inserted, $90; The Rump, 1660, $70; Thomas Stanley's Poems, $60; Sterling's Recreations with the Muses, 1637, on large paper, with the rare portrait by Marshall, $150; Sir John Suckling's Fragmenta Aurea, 1646, $50; Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels, 2 vols., 1726, $85; Tennyson's Poems by Two-Brothers, 1827, $170; Poems, 1630, $115; Poems, 1833, $95; Poems, 1842, 2 vols., $140; In Memoriam, 1850, $80; Idylls of the Hunt, 1864, being proof-sheets of the work published as Enoch Arden, $225; Waller's Poems, 1645, large paper, $150; Walton's Angler, 4th ed., 1668, $140; Wordsworth and Coleridge, Lyrical Ballads, 2 vols., 1798–1800, with many alterations and additions in the Rime of the Ancyent Mariner, in handwriting of Coleridge, $200.

The sale was a great success, the attendance large, and the bidding spirited. The total amount paid for the 275 lots was $15,543.25, or the astonishing average of $56.52 per lot.

One of the daily papers said "it was about the most delightful triumph of bibliomania that New York has known." The fact has certainly been established that fine copies of the great books of English literature have a ready market in New York, and that a careful collector may be sure that in purchasing books of this character he is not throwing away his money on a mere "fad." The advance in values over the prices Mr. Foote originally paid is in some cases very great. For example, Herbert's Temple cost him $250 and sold for $1050. The Dickens Manuscript cost about $250 and sold for $775. Lamb's Poetry for Children cost $210 for the two volumes, and sold for just twice that sum. The Battle of Marathon cost about $75, and sold for $330.

Paradise Lost cost $75 and sold for $525. These are, to be sure, extreme cases, but generally all the prices show an advance over cost. The question will naturally be asked, "How about the buyers at this sale; will they do as well as Mr. Foote?" Probably not so well, though in the case of those dealers who bought, I understand they have already disposed of their purchases. Still I am convinced that the great masterpieces of English literature will ever be in demand, and when the very small number of copies in existence is considered, the result must be gradually advancing prices. While the commercial idea is the very last that should influence a bibliophile, it is, of course, a satisfaction to know that the volumes one prizes are not decreasing in value.

Beverley Chew.

A complete list of prices at the Foote sale, with names of buyers, has been printed in uniform size to bind with the catalogue by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, *and will be presented to any subscriber desiring it. To others it will be sold at 75 cents.*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1895.

The week immediately following Christmas naturally shows a large falling off in sales, and this season proved no exception to the rule. It is not, however, to be taken for granted that the dealer is by any means idle; on the contrary, he is extremely busy in putting things to rights and arranging his stock, scattered in almost hopeless confusion after the rush of the holiday trade. Many also use this time to take account of stock preparatory to the close of their fiscal year.

With the beginning of a new year several lines receive a renewed impetus, notably in text-book, periodical and library departments. The opening of new terms after vacation in the schools, particularly of a higher grade, is an occasion for introducing new courses of study; consequently the trade has been called upon to meet the demand.

Some of the best-received works in use at present are Montgomery's, Myer's, and Fiske's Histories; Warren's, Swinton's, Barnes', and Frye's Geographies; Wentworth's, Milne's, and Wells' Mathematics; Walker's, Hutchinson's and Blaisdell's Physiologies, and Allen and Greenough's, Harper's, Reed and Kellogg's, and Lockwood's Languages. In the last department there has been an increasing use of the best selections from standard authors, for supplementary reading, published in paper and board bindings, with notes and comments by authorities.

At this time, too, some of the magazines start new volumes, and the new serials, together with the extra advertising of the publishers, has increased the taking of subscriptions and renewals. There is a steady demand for the modern 10 and 15 cent monthlies, which seem to create their own field, without detriment to the steady sale of the established and more expensive ones.

Many libraries receive donations and appropriations now, so that there has been an almost continual receipt of lists to be priced, inquiries to be answered, and orders to be filled.

The new books, and those that are selling, in addition to those specially required for the abovementioned purposes, have been largely confined to fiction, bound in cloth and published at 75 cents to $1.75; the small 16mo size, attractively made, and the larger 12mo, fully illustrated, being the popular styles.

The writings of A. Conan Doyle, Stanley J. Weyman, Captain Charles King, and F. Marion Crawford are still having a steady demand; also, owing to the recent death of their authors, the works of Robert Louis Stevenson and Oliver Wendell Holmes are having an increased sale.

There have been no especially prominent books issued during the month with the exception of the long-expected second volume of Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, revised and enlarged, and *The Ralstons*, the sequel to *Katherine Lauderdale*.

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The following list comprises the books most in favour during the month, as indicated by their sale:

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Dolly Dialogues. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Slum Stories of London. By H. W. Nevinson. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Good Ship Mohock. By W. Clark Russell. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Ralstons. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols., $2.00.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. Revised edition, 2 vols., $4.00 net.

Peter Ibbetson. By George Du Maurier. $1.50.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. $1.00.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Coffee and Repartee. By J. K. Bangs. 50 cts.

The Green Carnation. 75 cts.

The Ascent of Man. By Henry Drummond. $2.00.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Revised edition, $1.50.

The general condition of the trade for the last month can only as a whole be classed as fair. While representatives of publishers with popular new books claim good sales, others find that the old and standard works move slowly. Many of the retailers are outspoken as to dull times, and none is claiming more than ordinary sales. The jobbers do not find a decrease in orders, but say that the quantities are small, showing a certain amount of activity, but an evident tendency to caution. Still, with the renewing of stock after the February inventories, the business outlook promises well for the coming months.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1895.

The new year has opened up very satisfactorily, business this month having been very good and quite equal to the corresponding period last year. This is a better record than appears at first sight, for last year country orders were unusually good. Sales have been steady throughout the month, orders for the most part demanding new and standard works; but all kinds of literature have been well represented. The latest successful books have kept up their sales to an extent hardly anticipated early in the month. Upon the whole, 1895 has started very auspiciously.

It is almost too early yet to speculate on the outlook for the coming months, but judging entirely from present conditions, we ought to have a good steady trade right through the spring.

Trilby keeps up its phenomenal run and is still all the rage, and from what one hears on every hand of Trilby parties, Trilby concerts, etc., which are taking place everywhere, we may look for this extraordinary vogue to continue for some time. The next best selling new book is undoubtedly *The Manxman*. The sale of this book is all the more remarkable when it is known that no previous novel of Hall Caine's has been more than moderately successful in the West.

The demand for the best class of novels, books of travel, and biography is much more pronounced now than formerly, and a new book by a popular author is awaited with great eagerness by the reading public.

As a result of the revival of interest in the Napoleonic era manifested by the magazines and daily papers, books dealing with that period are finding a ready sale. The recently published *Memoirs* of Meneval are perhaps more inquired for than any other recent work, but even the older works, such as Abbott's and Headley's histories, are feeling the effect of the boom.

Books on the chafing dish are always greatly in request during the winter, but this season a greater number have been sold than heretofore. A new book, *The Chafing Dish Supper*, by Mrs. Herrick, is having quite a large call for a book of this kind.

Robert Louis Stevenson's death and the wide notice given his works by the press have given quite an impetus to the sale of his more popular books. Of his earlier books, *Treasure Island* is most in demand; of those more recent, *The Ebb Tide* is selling best.

Although each year brings out a large number of really good juvenile books, yet they do not seem to affect the demand for the old favorites, such as the Alcott, Elsie, Ewing, and Coolidge books, to any extent, for they certainly more than hold their own.

James Whitcomb Riley's new book, *Armazindy*, is still selling largely, as indeed are all his books. Owing to the present deplorable dearth of really good poetry, a new book by Riley is an event that is always welcomed in the West.

The following books lead the demand in sales at present:

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Round the Red Lamp. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Sweet Clover. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

Under Fire. By Captain King. $1.25.

Pembroke. By Miss Wilkins. $1.50.

Coffee and Repartee. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

Three Weeks in Politics. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

A Kentucky Cardinal. By J. L. Allen. $1.00.

Traveller from Altruria. By W. D. Howells. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Indiscretions of the Duchess. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

England in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. $2.50.

A Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. $1.25.

The Chafing Dish Supper. By Mrs. Herrick. 75 cts.

Memoirs of Napoleon I. 3 vols. By Baron Meneval. $6.00.

My Study Fire. 2d series. By Hamilton W. Mabie. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

There was good business done in the leading publications, as well as in standard works. Business is now much quieter, but is improving with

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the arrival of the earlier school-book orders. Foreign and colonial trade has been steady, with no distinguishing feature worth recording.

During the Christmas week *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* was the favourite, and sold in hundreds.

There is no appreciable break in the publishing season. It seems wonderful, indeed, that early in January at least a score of new books, and many of them important ones, should be published in one day.

Among magazines two new-comers, *The Minister* and the *Windsor Magazine*, each issued at sixpence, have attracted some attention. This is indeed an age of wonderful cheap periodicals. It is a marvel how, apart from an enormous circulation, they can be produced at the price.

From the list of leading books appended it will be gathered that novels are still in favour, although other branches of literature are by no means neglected. It is evident that the present is essentially an age of readers, if not of reading.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The God in the Car. By A. Hope. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson. 5s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Jungle Book. By R. Kipling. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between January 1 and February 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Mme. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. $2.00. (Drallop.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Literary Shop. By J. L. Ford. $1.00. (Richmond.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. $2 00. (Drallop.)
4. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. American Commonwealth. By Bryce. $4.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Napoleon, Lover and Husband. By Masson. $2.00. (Merriam.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. God in the Car. By Hope. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Vernon's Aunt. By Cotes. $1,25. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
2. Century of Charades. By Wm. Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Dolly Dialogues. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Midst of Alarms. By Robt. Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Armazindy. By J. Whitcomb Riley. $1.25. (Bowen, Merrill.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Round the Red Lamp. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Lord Ormont. By Meredith. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Love Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.25. (Century Co.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
3. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

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4. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
6. My Lady. By Miss Bouvet. $1.00. (McClurg.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. My Lady Rotha. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
5. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Sweet Clover. By Clara L. Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.25. (Century Co.)
5. Sweet Clover. By Clara L. Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. Play Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Cadet Days. By Charles King. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Peloubet Notes. $1.25. (Wilde.)
5. Yale Man Up to Date. By J. Pardee. $1.50 net. (Price Leet Adkins.)
6. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Philip and His Wife. By Margaret Deland. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Ascent of Man. By Drummond. $2.00. (Pott.)
6. Whittier's Life and Letters. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Isabella of Castile. By Howard. $1.50. (Funk & Wagnalls.)
5. Overheard in Arcady. By Bridges. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Raiders. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Ascent of Man. By Drummond. $2.00. (Pott.)
4. Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. $1.75. (Macmillan.)
5. The Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
6. Borderland of Czar and Kaiser. By Poultney Bigelow. $2.00. (Harper.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Round the Red Lamp. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
4. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. American Commonwealth. Vol. II. By Bryce. $2.25. (Macmillan.)
6. The Play Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Sherlock Holmes. By Doyle. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. World Beautiful. By Whiting. $1.00. (Roberts.)
4. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Gibson's Drawings. By Gibson. $5.00. (Russell.)
5. Sherlock Holmes. By Conan Doyle. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Witty, Wise, and Wicked Maxims. By DuBois. 75 cts. (Brentano.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Century of Charades. By Wm. Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
5. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Colonial Days and Dames. By Anne H. Wharton. $1.25. (Lippincott.)

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